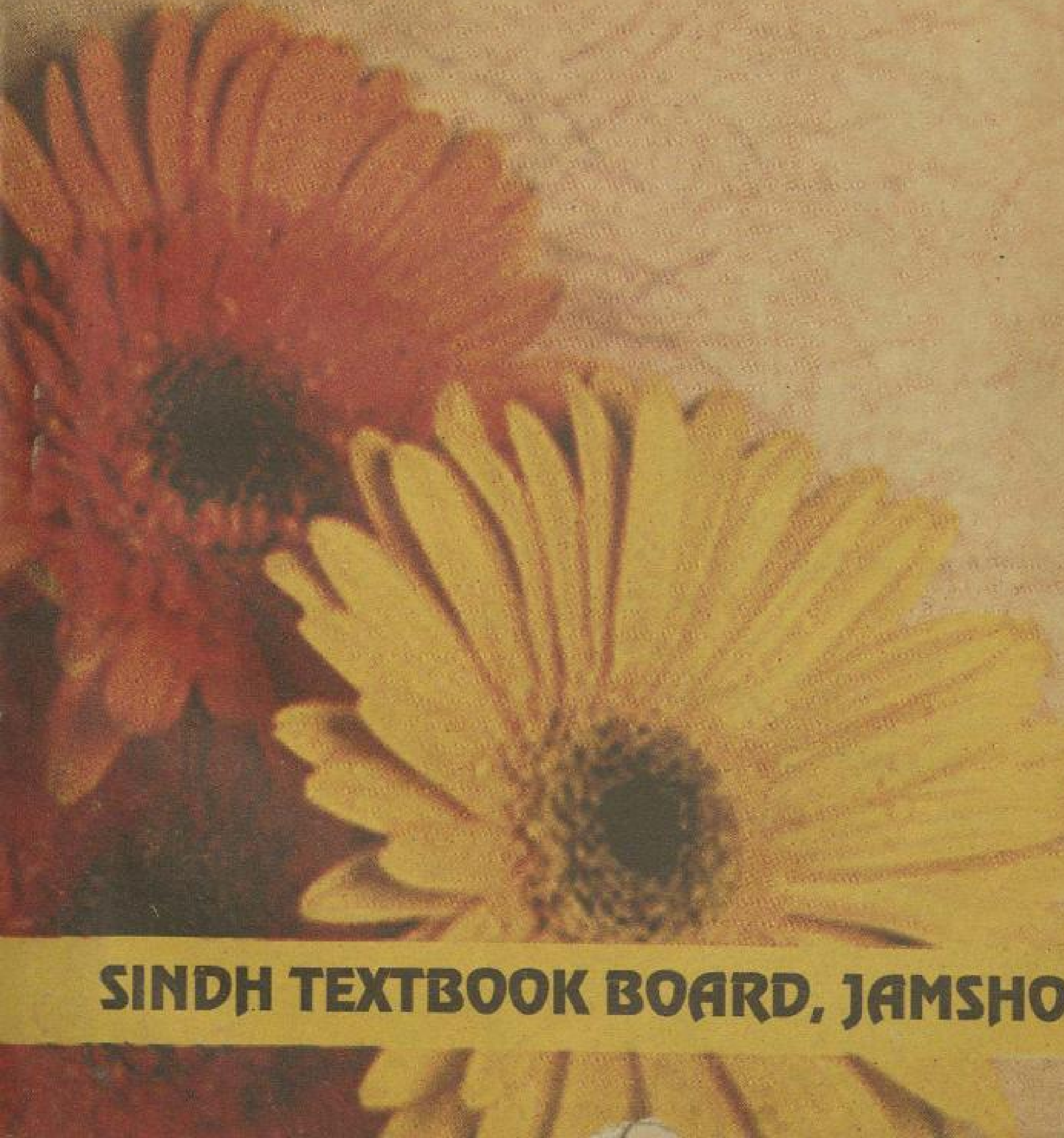
INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH

BOOK TWO



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INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH
BOOK TWO

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JAMSHORO

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بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

READING–TEXT ONE

TWENTY MINUTES WITH MRS. OAKENTUBB

Frank Arthur

Frank Arthur, civil servant, novelist and playwright, was born in London in 1902. His first publication was *Who Killed Netta Maul?*, later published by Penguin Books as *The Suva Harbour Mystery*. His plays include *Time's A Thief* (French) and *She Would Not Dance* (Evans). *Twenty Minutes with Mrs. Oakentubb* is an effective little piece of melodrama, notable for its skilful manipulation of suspense.

CHARACTERS
She.
The Porter.
He.
SCENE
A railway waiting room.
TIME
A stormy winter's evening.

The waiting room of a small country railway junction. A gasfire at a side wall; a gas-light above; a chair beside the fire; a bench against the back wall, and a table.

The room is empty and, as the gas-light is turned low, almost in darkness. Rain and wind are audible outside (and continue throughout the action, increasing whenever the door is opened).

The door opens, and a lady comes in, carrying a suit-case, which has a tie-on label. She is heavily wrapped up, with hat, scarf, gloves and fur coat, all slightly wet from the rain. A porter follows her in and turns the gas full on. His cap and coat glisten with rain drops. The lady puts her suitcase down on the bench, and stands hesitant and a little meekly.

PORTER : Well, that'll throw a bit of light on the situation. *(Chuckles.)* And I'll light the fire for you, love, so that you can warm your tootsies. *(Kneels down at gas-fire and puts a match to it; it begins to glow red.)*

SHE : *(making a statement, with no hint of either criticism or self-pity.)* There was no heating at all on that train.

PORTER: There never is, love–nor no eating, neither.

(The lady takes off her gloves and spreads her hands to the fire. A man comes in briskly. He is wearing a [1]trench–coat and a [2]trilby hat–both wet–and he carries a very large suitcase, which he puts down at once. He shuts the door behind him, takes off his coat and shakes it.)

HE : What a night! I got quite wet coming from the back of the train.

PORTER : *(making to go out.)* And I'll get soaked to the skin trotting to the luggage office at the other end of the platform. This job's only fit for a shaggy dog! You two have twenty minutes to get dry and warm *(Goes out into the storm and shuts the door behind him.)*

(The lady, meanwhile, has taken off her hat and scarf, placed them on the table, and opened her coat. Her hair is mouse-brown, well streaked with grey, and nicely done. She is wearing a wedding-ring. Her dress and speech define her as the wife of a prosperous professional or business man. The man has taken off his coat, shaken it and thrown it down on the bench with his hat. As he does so, his glance falls on the label of the lady's suitcase; it apparently means nothing to him. His dress and speech define him as slightly lower in the social scale– a clerk or a superior artisan; he is clean-shaven, and at first exhibits a rather flamboyant air. For a moment or so after the porter's departure, the two take no notice of each other. They appear to be strangers, and they display some of the constraint natural to strangers thrown casually together for a few moments. Then she moves aside, so that he can share the fire; she sits on the chair, half turning to warm her hands and feet; and he stands in front, a little to the side, holding out his hands to the glow.)

HE : So we have exactly twenty minutes to wait.

SHE : Just right.

HE : You don't object to a little conversation ?

SHE : We may as well, as we have twenty minutes.

HE : *(grumbling.)* Why can't they have a roof over the platform?

SHE : *(placidly.)* This station's not used very much. Only for people changing on the loop-line to Stainthorpe.

HE : It's long time since I was here.

SHE : I live at Stainthorpe – *(Laughs a little nervously.)* – so I know this waiting room quite well.

(There is a pause. They are beginning to get warm, and both withdraw a little from the fire.)

HE : You live there? Do you know a Mrs. Judy Oakentubb?
(He turns slightly away as he speaks, and does not appear to observe the start of surprise with which she hears this name.)

SHE : *(recovering and speaking with indifference.)* Yes. She lives at Stainthorpe.

HE : What's she like ?

SHE : *(nervously.)* You mean: in appearance or in character ?

HE : In appearance. *(Grimly.)* I know all about her character.

SHE : *(startled at this, but trying to appear normal.)* Oh. She's fairly ordinary, you know. Nothing very remarkable about her. Short rather than tall – about five foot three; weighs a little under eight stone. *(Lightly.)* No special distinguishing marks. *(Note: This description must be amended, if necessary, to fit the actress playing the part.)*

HE : *(giving no sign that he appreciates that the description fits her.)* I saw a photograph of her once in a newspaper. It was well, a newspaper photograph. You couldn't tell whether she was dark or fair. But I was told she was a banana-blonde.

SHE : *(lightly)* So she was–once. But blonde hair doesn't stay blonde forever, you know. I was a blonde once.

HE : *(casually.)* Pretty ?

SHE : Do you mean me, or Mrs. Oakentubb ?

HE : Her.

SHE : Oh, I see, *(considering, more at her ease.)* It all depends on taste, doesn't it ? I know some people used to think she was pretty. But – may I ask why you are so curious about her ?

HE : I'm going to Stainthorpe on purpose to see her, that's why. I asked what she looked like so that I'd recognize her when I saw her.

SHE : Well, you've only to go to her house and knock at that door. She'll probably answer it herself, and then you'll be able to form your own opinion as to whether she's pretty or not.

HE : *(grimly.)* That's what I intend to do.

SHE : Does it matter ?

HE : What do you mean ?

SHE : Whether she's pretty or not ?

HE : Not in the least. I want just ten minutes alone with her, that's all.

SHE : That shouldn't be difficult. You've already had five minutes alone with me.

HE : That leaves us fifteen more. *(He speaks grimly, looking straight at her.)*

SHE : *(both afraid and puzzled, speaking quickly and nervously.)* Yes. You and I are here alone for twenty minutes. We have never met before and we shall very likely never see each other again. I often think about these chances and casual meetings we have with people; thousands of them, in the course of a lifetime. People we pass in the street, stand behind in bus-queues, sit next to in the theatre, and so on. There they are, living their own lives, and then, just for a brief space, they come into your life– only to disappear, and, for all you know, to die the next day. Or perhaps they live, forgetting you completely, long after you are dead. Your life touches another life for a minute, or for an hour, and then it swings apart. You go your way, and I go mine.

HE : *(intensely.)* Sometimes one of these brief, casual meetings may alter your life.

SHE : *(with a shiver.)* Not in my experience.

HE : I wouldn't be too sure. You never know what's round the corner. I can tell you of two of these half-minute meetings which have had the most profound effect on my life. But for them everything would have been absolutely different.

SHE : *(trying to keep the conversation light.)* Can you really know that ? Perhaps some other event–

HE : *(interrupting forcibly.)* I'll tell you of one of them. It was in a place you've never been to. It was in Korea, June 1953. *(She makes to utter some sympathetic remark, but he talks her down.)* I'd been wounded, and they'd strapped me on a stretcher and dumped me by the roadside to wait for an ambulance– if I didn't 'peg out first. I wanted to die anyway. I'd nothing to live for. The pain was– pretty bad. I guess I fainted. When I came to, there was a Korean girl bending over me. She was about fourteen; not pretty, of course; but friendly brown eyes, and long black plaits hanging in front of her shoulders. She didn't say anything. She just smiled. And I smiled back. Some busy - bodies chased her away. Then the ambulance came up, and I was jolted for miles to a hospital. The pain was much worse. But I could bear it now. I didn't want to die any more. I wanted to live. I knew I should live. I had a purpose. It was just for a moment or two that she and I met. We shall never meet again. But that one meeting gave me the strength and the courage to live. *(He stops almost overcome.)*

SHE : *(gently.)* Yes, I can understand that. Her smile made you realize – that there was still some goodness in life.

HE : *(brokenly.)* It made me realize what my daughter would have been like, if – if she had lived.

SHE : Oh ! – I'm sorry.

HE : *(pulling himself together.)* It gave me a purpose in life.

SHE : What purpose ?

HE : *(violently)* Revenge !

SHE : That innocent child's smile persuaded you to dedicate your life to wickedness and hate ?

HE : Vengeance is not wickedness. It is not wicked to punish the evil-doer.

SHE : *(gently.)* Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

HE : I don't believe in that stuff – not after what happened to my little girl – and to my wife !

(He stares at her fiercely, and then smiles cruelly. There is a long pause as their eyes meet. Although he is plainly a malevolent man urged to desperation by violent passion, his attitude towards her may still be impersonal. She stares at him fascinated. She is afraid but it is by no means clear that she has need to be afraid. With an effort, she tears her gaze away, moistens her lips with her

tongue, and then has to look at him again. She is repelled, but his will is the stronger, and she cannot escape him. He says nothing, but continues to smile evilly at her. She gets up, and strolls across the room. He follows her with his eyes. She takes up a position with her back to her suitcase, her hands behind her back, fronting him, shrinking and defiant. He moves towards the door, opens it, looks out, and shuts it again. It has been open just long enough to enable them to appreciate that the wind and the rain are as strong as ever. She returns to her seat by the fire. When she moves away from the suitcase, it appears that she has tucked the label under the flap, so that it is no longer visible. He comes back, glancing with the greatest air of casualness at the suitcase, and holds out his hands to the fire. He is very close to her now, and she draws herself up tensely, as if expecting physical attack.)

SHE : *(in a casual tone which belies her attitude.)* This Mrs. Oakentubb you're going to Stainthorpe to see–you made a very curious remark about her.

HE : Yes ?

SHE : You don't know her – but you know all about her character. Isn't that rather a rash thing to say ?

HE : I know all I need to know about her character.

SHE : That's different. If you have only a minor matter of business to discuss. I don't suppose you need to know very much about her character.

HE : It's extremely important business – for both of us.

SHE : *(still tense, but speaking brightly.)* My husband's a very successful salesman. He says you can't know too much about the character of a man you're doing really important business with.

HE : Men – yes. There are several sorts of men. But there are only two kinds of women.

SHE : *(lightly.)* You mean those who are good-looking and those who are not?

HE : *(forcibly.)* No ! I mean those who are good and those who are not !

SHE : *(after a pause, meditatively.)* And you are quite sure in which category to place Mrs. Oakentubb ?

HE : *(confronting her.)* Now look here ! You know this woman !

You know what she did ! Don't you ?

SHE : *(faintly.)* I think I know what you mean.

HE : *(brutally.)* You know what I mean all right ! She murdered my wife and daughter !

SHE : *(faintly.)* She was not convicted of murder. She was not even charged with murder.

HE : *(scornfully.)* No. They called it manslaughter. But you know what I call it. I call it murder – plain deliberate heartless cruel murder.

SHE : *(desperately.)* It was an accident !

HE : Not much of an accident ! In an accident there is an element of chance. But – in what your precious Judy Oakentubb did, there was no chance about it. It was a million to one she would kill someone.

SHE : *(weakly.)* No. That's not true.

HE : *(relentless.)* It is true and you know it. She was driving at fifty miles an hour in a built-up area. She pulled out to overtake a bus on a blind bend and she saw herself running slap into a lorry coming the other way. She had a choice: she could ram the lorry and kill herself or she could swerve on to the pavement and kill two innocent pedestrians. She didn't hesitate. It was her life or theirs. She mounted the pavement. And she's alive today. And my wife and little girl are dead !

SHE : *(very much moved, covering her face in her hands.)* I'm very sorry– how can I say how sorry ?

HE : *(relentless.)* And do you know why she was driving so criminally fast ? She was drunk !

SHE : *(protesting.)* She was not drunk !

HE : *(bearing her down.)* She had been to a cocktail party, and she was driving fast for a bet. One of her rotten set had wagered her five pounds she wouldn't drive from Stainthorpe Cross to the coast in under fifteen minutes. You know the road! You know the distance ! You know the bends and the blind corners and the traffic on that road ! You know it can't be done reasonably in much under half an hour. You can't tell me it wasn't deliberate murder.

SHE : The police didn't call it murder.

HE : I call it murder! And so do you! In your heart you know it was murder! What were my wife and child to her ? Absolute strangers. You spoke just now about meeting people once for a moment, and never seeing them again. Mrs. Judy Oakentubb met my wife and daughter for one split second – and she crushed the life out of them ! I said they met; but they had their backs to her. They didn't even see her!

SHE : *(rising.)* How do you know she saw them ?

HE : She said at the trial that she didn't see them. But she saw them all right. She had to choose between her life or theirs; and she chose to murder them.

SHE : How can you be sure of that ? It must have all happened in a flash.

HE : *(scornfully.)* Her counsel told her to say she didn't see them. He made a great point of it. That was why she got away with only eighteen months in gaol.

SHE : Eighteen months in prison ! She served that sentence, didn't she ?

HE : *(gloating.)* She hadn't any option.

SHE : She's had her punishment. I'm not trying to excuse her. I'm not saying it wasn't criminal folly on her part to drive as she did. I'm not excusing her. But she's had her punishment.

HE : She has not. Her punishment is coming to her ! A few months in prison! For crushing an innocent woman and child to death ! *(They stare at each other, he bitter, she fascinated. Then he turns away.)*

SHE : *(unable to change the subject.)* And when you meet this Mrs. Oakentubb, What do you propose to do ?

HE : *(calmly.)* I shall kill her.

SHE : *(wildly.)* Kill her ! No ! You can't do that !

HE : I haven't quite made up my mind how. I want to do it in the most painful way.

SHE : Will you give her any warning ?

HE : Naturally she will know why she is being punished.

SHE : *(after a pause, controlling herself with difficulty.)* So tomorrow morning, you are going out to commit murder ?

HE : To execute justice. But I don't think I shall wait till tomorrow morning. I think I shall kill her tonight.

SHE : *(alarmed.)* Tonight ?

HE : I may not have very much time.

(There is a long pause. He stares grimly at her, and then away. She meets his glance in horror, but when he looks away, she pulls herself together.)

SHE : (brightly.) But why tell me your plans in advance ? If I tell the police–

HE : I've thought of that. *(Turns on her suddenly and advances malevolently. She shrinks back in terror and is about to scream. But his whole expression changes; he smiles cheerfully, stretches out his hands to the fire, and speaks in a friendly way.)* Our meeting is almost over. Was that a nice little story to pass the time ? We could have spent these twenty minutes in looking at each other – which would have been pleasant enough for me, but not much fun for you. So I thought I'd tell you a story to keep you amused.

SHE : *(faintly, recovering her composure.)* How did you know I wanted to be amused ?

HE : *(gallantly.)* All ladies like to be amused. That's what men are for – to amuse the ladies.

SHE : *(between laughter and indignation.)* Your idea of an amusing story is too violent for my taste.

HE : *(smiling down at her.)* Confess to me that you loved it–that little shivers of delight were running up and down your spine all the time.

SHE : No. I didn't enjoy it. You see – the story is partly true. There really is a Mrs. Judy Oakentubb at Stainthorpe. I do know her. She did kill a woman and child in a motor accident – driving fast for a bet. She did serve eighteen months in prison.

HE : *(serious again.)* I know.

SHE : As for the husband – you may be he for all I know.

HE: *(with grim emphasis.)* I am.

SHE : So everything is true about your story except that you've come here to kill Mrs. Oakentubb ?

HE : *(with quiet intensity.)* That's true too.

SHE : *(realizing that he has been playing with her; rising to her feet– violently.)* I can't stand this ! I shall scream !

HE : *(his back to the door.)* No one will hear you. If anyone does, he'll only take it for the wind. Listen! *(He moves slightly forward, and, still with his back to the door and his eyes fixed on hers, opens it slightly. The screaming wind and the lashing rain conform his words. He shuts the door again.)* Nothing you can do will save her. If you try to give me away – *(He pulls a revolver from his pocket and points it at her. She recoils. There is a rattling at the door behind him, and he moves forward, pocketing the weapon but keeping his hand on it. He frowns threateningly at her, as the porter pushes the door open and comes in.)*
Hello ! Train signalled ?

PORTER : No, sir. Not yet, sir. I've just come along to tell you that the express is running a bit late. It won't be in till 9.05; so you needn't turn out in the rain yet awhile.

HE : *(Politely)* Thanks for letting us know.

PORTER : Are you all comfy here ?

HE : Yes, quite, thank you.
(The porter turns to go out.)

SHE : *(stepping forward.)* Porter!

PORTER : *(pausing and looking round at her – oblivious of the man, who, behind his back, is making warning gestures at her.)*
Yes, love ?

SHE : Is there a restaurant car on the express ?

PORTER : There is, love, but the staff has packed up and gone home before the express reaches here.

SHE : Gone home ?

PORTER : In a manner of speaking, love. *(Chuckles and goes out.)*

HE : *(stepping swiftly to the door and putting his back to it.)* So we have five more minutes !

SHE : *(desperately.)* What do you propose to do with them ?

HE : It's just the amount of time I need for killing you.

SHE : *(with feigned surprise.)* Me ?

HE : Yes: You, Mrs. Judy Oakentubb !

SHE : *(agitated.)* Oh ! Oh, no ! You can't mean that !

HE : I do mean it ! *(Produces revolver and points it at her.)* You killed my wife and daughter ! You took their lives and wrecked mine. Haven't I the right to take yours ?

SHE : *(meekly.)* Yes – perhaps you have. But my punishment has been very bitter – more bitter than you can imagine.

HE : *(scornfully.)* A few months in a comfortable prison ! Go down on your knees and beg for your life !

SHE : You don't understand. That was only part of it. What do you suppose I thought of during those long months in prison ?

HE : *(bitterly.)* Of how soon you could get back to your cocktail parties I expect.

SHE : All the time I had one picture in my mind. I swear to you that I did not see them before the smash. But I saw them afterwards ! You were spared that. But I see it always ! It is with me wherever I am and whatever I am doing. I can see it now more vividly than see you. That awful scene will haunt me as long as I live ! That is my real punishment – to have ever before my eyes the picture of what I have done. Till I die ! Often I think that I cannot bear it ! *(Shrieks.)* I cannot bear it ! *(Hiding her face in her hands.)* Can you punish me more ?

HE : Is that how you beg for your life ?

SHE : *(half hysterical:)* No. I beg for my death ! *(She clasps her hands towards him.)* Kill me ! Blot out that picture which is always before my eyes and which I cannot endure !

HE : *(doubtful.)* Do you mean that to kill you would be merciful -to allow you to live would be my true revenge ?

SHE : *(imploring.)* Yes. Yes. Kill me !

HE : *(lowering the revolver.)* I never thought of that.

SHE : *(desperately.)* But it's true ! It's true ! If you really hate me, condemn me to live ! *(She kneels again, clasping his arms imploringly; but he pushes her away and she collapses on the floor sobbing.)*

HE : Yes ! You're right ! It would be a greater punishment to live. *(He puts on his hat and coat, pockets the revolver, and walks out, closing the door behind him.)*
(As soon as he is gone, she springs to her feet, turns to the door and puts her fingers to her nose at him.
While she is standing thus, he opens the door suddenly, sees her, raises the revolver and fires.
She falls dead.
He pockets the revolver again, picks up his suitcase and hurries out.)

Notes :

1. *trench-coat:* a short overcoat of the pattern worn in the trenches of the front line during the First World War.

2. *trilby hat:* soft felt hat with a broad brim.

3. *peg out:* die (very colloquial).

Answer these questions :

1. Explain the importance of the label on Mrs. Oakentubb's suitcase. Why does she hide it ?
2. At what point in the play do we become certain that the man knows that the woman in the waiting room is Mrs. Oakentubb? When, in fact do you think he discovered her identity ?
3. When is the audience likely to begin to suspect that she might be Mrs. Oakentubb ?

4. What motive has the man for murdering her ?

5. In this little melodrama, the author keeps on building up the tension then relaxing it, until the final moment of tension when the murder is done. Briefly describe the chief moments of tension and what follows after each one.

6. Why, in your opinion, does the author make the porter a humorous character ?

7. Suspense is an important element in a thriller. Briefly show how the author keeps the audience in suspense for the answers to two questions – will he find out who she is ? Will he kill her ?

8. Write a brief character sketch of Mrs. Oakentubb.

9. Write a brief character sketch of the porter.

10. Briefly discuss whether the play would have had a more satisfying ending if the man had not come back through the door, seen Mrs. Oakentubb's vulgar and impenitent gesture and shot her – that is to say if it had ended in Mrs. Oakentubb's collapsing with genuine remorse and the man's decision that he would be adequately revenged if she went on living.

Composition :

Write a letter of between 150 to 200 words (excluding your address) to a friend or relative on one of the following topics.

1. Your seeing a performance of *Twenty Minutes with Mrs. Oakentubb.* Briefly describe what sort a play it was and what you thought of it.

2. Imagine that you have acted one of the parts in an amateur performance of *Twenty Minutes with Mrs. Oakentubb.* Briefly describe how the performance went from an actor's point of view.

FOR STUDY

TAKE AFTER

That boy takes after (resembles in character or appearance) his father.

TAKE BACK

1. Literal meaning.
   The shoes did not fit him so the shop took them back.

2. Withdraw (figuratively).

He made a very offensive speech, which provoked great indignation, but he refused to take a single word of it back.

TAKE DOWN

1. Write. Make a note of.
Mr. Sadiq telephoned while you were out. I've taken down this message from him.
May I take down your name and address ?

(*Take* by itself is used in the phrases *take notes/take a note of.* (*Take* by itself may be used for *taking a short note. We took the number of the car before it got away. The policeman took my name and address.*)

2. Lower. Fetch down from a high place. Dismantle.
Please take down the box from that shelf for me. I can't reach it.
We must take those curtains down and have them washed.
The repairs to the building have been completed and the workmen are taking down the scaffolding.

3. Render somebody less proud or conceited.
That lad is getting too swollen-headed. He wants taking down a peg.

TAKE IN

1. Admit.
The first hotel was full and couldn't take us in.

2. Understand. Mentally accept.
Do you think all the students were able to take in his lecture ?
The news was so appalling that, at first, he could not take it in.
3. Include, comprise.
The new town will take in all the villages within a radius of three miles.

4. Take indoors.
We'd better take these chairs in before it starts to rain.

5. Shorten a piece of cloth.
The sleeves are too long. They need to be taken in by half an inch.

6. Deceive. Defraud.
He's such a plausible rogue that he took me in completely.

TAKE INTO

He took it into his head (thought for no apparent reason) that I objected to his being on the committee.
In writing books for children the tastes of the parents must be taken into account/consideration (be given due attention).
We forgot to take into account/consideration that the day was a public holiday.
He ought to have taken his brother into his confidence (told him what was in his mind).

TAKE OFF

1. Remove a garment or covering.
   It turned warmer and we took off our overcoats.
   I've lost the lid that I took off this tin.

2. Remove a person
   The injured player was taken off/taken off the field.
   I told him to take himself off (to go away).

3. Leave the ground.
   The aeroplane travelled 5,000 metres before it took off.

There is also the noun *take-off.*
Our take-off was ten minutes late because the airport was so busy.
He would jump further if he could improve his take-off.

4. Imitate in order to make fun of.
   He was quite angry when he discovered that his son's friend, used to take off his way of speaking.

TAKE ON

1. Undertake.
   Who will want to take on the thankless job of honorary secretary to that society ?

2. Engage for employment
   The office is so busy that two extra clerks have had to be taken on.

TAKE OVER

Assume ownership or management in succession to somebody else.

The second officer took over while the captain visited the passengers.
I did not let him take over the car untill I had cashed his cheque.
He took the business over from his father.

TAKE PLACE

Happen:

The visit of the President will take place during the first week of May.
These events took place when my grandfather was a young man.

TAKE TO

1. Form the habit of doing something.
   Oliver Goldsmith was heavily in debt because he had taken to gambling and other extravagances.

2. Become happily adapted to.
   Some men take to military discipline like ducks to water.

3. Develop a liking for.
   Children are quick to take to people who genuinely like them.

4. Make use of in an emergency.
   The ship was sinking fast and the crew took to the lifeboats.
   We saw him stealing the fruit but he took to his heels (fled) before we could catch him.

TAKE UP

1. Lift.
   A fast lift took us straight up to the twelfth floor.
   He has taken up his bag and walked away.

2. Admit passengers on to a conveyance.
   The bus stopped to take up three or four people who were waiting by the post office.

3. Start to engage in a new activity.
   My brother has taken up stamp collecting but I don't know whether his enthusiasm will last.
4. Absorb.
   This substance is sponge-like in that it will take up a lot of water.
5. Initiate discussion or consideration.

The committee will have to take this matter up at its next meeting . If you wish, I shall take up this question of your travel allowances with the managing director.

Note : Although we have given so many uses of take, our catalogue is by no means complete. Certain common English verbs, such as *take, have* and *get,* combine with other words in a remarkably large variety of usages. Real mastery of all these usages comes only with wide and attentive reading.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. He can sue me for libel if he likes. I won't take back what I said.
2. We intend to have this wall taken down in order to convert the two rooms into one.
3. I forgot to take down his telephone number.
4. It is no use giving him an explanation of how this machine works. He will never take it in.
5. My father was cheated of five thousand rupees. He said that he had never been so taken in, in his life.
6. They were lost and caught in a storm, but a kindly farmer took them in for the night.
7. Why did you take it into your head that Ali had a holiday this week ?
8. I would gladly have helped him if he had taken me into his confidence.
9. Don't forget to take into account the costs of repair and maintenance before you decide to buy a second-hand car.
10. When will your final examinations take place?
11. Do take your coat off and sit down for a while.
12. The shopkeeper told the boy that if he didn't take himself off he would call a policeman.
13. Before the take-off passengers are always instructed to fasten their seat belts and not to smoke.
14. This is an utterly thankless task, I'll never take it on again.
15. Mr. Jackson was tired after driving for so many hours and he asked his wife if she would like to take over.

16. This huge commercial organization is constantly taking over smaller firms.
17. How has your son taken to life in a hostel?
18. His ruin began when he took to gambling.
19. Some people have successfully taken up painting quite late in life.
20. If he wants his salary to be raised, he will have to take it up with the manager.

READING- TEXT TWO

REFLECTIONS ON THE RE-AWAKENING EAST

Bertrand Russell

One of the most outstanding writers and thinkers of our time, Bertrand Russell was born in 1872. He inherited an earldom but did not make use of his title. Before becoming famous as a writer, he was an eminent mathematician and philosopher.

Beginning with *Principia Mathematica* he has written many books on philosophy and mathematics. His more popular works have been notable for their introduction of scientific attitudes into the discussion of politics and sociology. Since the Second Word War he has been greatly preoccupied with the nuclear threat to mankind and has been a warm advocate of technical aid to Asian countries. His recent books of general interest include *New Hopes for a Changing World, The impact of Science on Society* and *Human Society in Ethics and Politics.*

The re-awakening of the East is one of those enormous movements that can only be properly understood when viewed in a wide historical perspective. Alternations of power between East and West have occurred throughout the last two thousand years and more. In the earliest history, the East predominated. It was both more civilized and more powerful than the West. The West, however, acquired the lead in civilization with the rise of Greece and, in power, with the conquests of Alexander. From that time until the fall of Rome, that is to say for some seven or eight centuries, the West was dominant both in power and in culture. It lost this position through the wars between Romans and Germans: the Germans succeeded in destroying Roman power, but not in acquiring a similar position for themselves. With the West thus enfeebled, leadership in power and culture passed to the East. Very large parts of what had been the Roman Empire were conquered by Islam, which, in the great days of the Caliphate, had an Empire considerably larger than that of Rome in its greatest days. The Chinese Empire during the early part of the T'ang dynasty was equally glorious and almost equally extensive. The supermacy of the East was not only military but science, philosophy, poetry and the arts also flourished in China and the Muhammadan world at a time when Europe was sunk in barbarism. Europeans, with unpardonable insularity, call this period " The Dark Ages"; But it was only in Europe that it was dark–indeed only in Christian Europe, for Spain, which was Muhammadan, had a brilliant culture. The Western world, however, gradually climbed out of the abyss of barbarism. Columbus and Vasco da Gama were the pioneers of the new Western Imperialism, and scientific technique was its main weapon. The East, which had led the world in science before the rise of Greece and after the fall of Rome, was completely out distanced by the West from the beginning of the Sixteenth Century onwards. Western conquest, or, at the very least, Western influence became dominant throughout the world. When I was young, everybody in the West accepted this domination as a matter of course and as something likely to continue indefinitely. In this expectation as every one can now see, the West was mistaken. Once again, as at the time of the fall of Rome, wars between Germans and other Occidentals so enfeebled Europe that it was no longer able to hold Asia in subjection. It is now Europe whose freedom is threatened by the alliance of Moscow with Peking.

This is a new fact which I think that even Asia has not yet adequately realized. For centuries Asia has suffered under the insolence of the White man. I have myself seen this insolence displayed in ways that made my blood boil and that, if I had been an Asian and not a European, would have roused me to fury. This long experience of European domination has naturally produced a mood of resistance and, as always happens in such cases, there is a danger lest the fight for independence should become a desire for conquest.

There are, it is true, some remnants of White Imperialism to be swept away. [2]The French are reluctant to abandon their claims in Indo-China, the British cling to Malaya and still hope to salvage something in Western Asia and Egypt and the Sudan. But, in a large view, it is clear that what remains of European power in Asia is doomed. No one can seriously suppose that Western Europe can long retain such shreds of power as remain to it in Asia. Nor does it seem probable that American Imperialism will be able to replace that of Western Europe.

There is only one Imperialism which now offers any menace to Asia. It is that of Russia. The traditions of civilization in Asia are ancient and glorious. I do not wish to see them wiped out as I fear is happening in China, by a degraded form of Western culture. Communism, though this is not widely recognized either in the East or in the West, is the most modern and most virulent form of Western Imperialism. Its philosophy is German and its regime is imposed by military force. If the re-awakening of Asia were to take the form of subjection to Communism, there would be little in it that could be welcomed by any friend of humanity or of civilization.

What then should an enlightened and impartial spectator hope as regards to development of Asia ? There are some things which, though in many ways regrettable, it is necessary to accept as conditions of survival in the modern world. The most important of these is the growth of industrialism. The power of England in the early Nineteenth Century was based upon a virtual monopoly of machine production, and the power of Russia and the United States in the present day is due to their supremacy in this respect. It is useless to talk against mechanization, because it is the source of power and because those who lag behind have difficulty in preserving independence. When industrialism was new in England, it roused indignant protests on account of its ruthlessness and destruction of beauty. These protests were eloquently expressed in Carlyle's *Past and Present*; but they remained completely ineffective. They are similarly ineffective in the present day. Gandhi, in spite of his immense influence over his compatriots, was totally unable to restore [3]the spinning-wheel. Machine production, and scientific technique generally, is bound to prevail wherever there is sufficient civilization to make it possible.

The most sinister application of scientific technique is in regard to weapons of war. Must we fear that the independence of Asian countries will bring an increase in the amount of human energy devoted to war? Or may we hope that the new influence of Asia in the world will be thrown on the side of peace ? I think it is too early to have an opinion as to what is likely to happen in this respect, but it is not too early to have an opinion as to what is desirable. The organization of the world into two vast blocs, filled with bitter hostility to each other, is disastrous. The existence of states not belonging to either bloc is to be welcomed since, it gives some hope that, if a third World War breaks out, a portion of mankind will escape its horrors. I think Asia should seek to preserve what has been of value in its own traditional civilization and should not allow itself to be swamped by some of the worst features of Western thinking under the impression that this is the only way to preserve independence.

It is of course a trifle absurd to speak of Asia as a unity, and only opposition to Western Imperialism has caused people to think in these terms. Asia contains half the population of the world and at least three very distinct civilizations: that of Islam, that of India, and that of China. These differ from each other just as much as they differ from the civilization of Christened, and there is not the faintest reason to expect them all to act in unison. What is to be hoped is, not an endeavor after cultural or political unity, but a determination to uphold independence at home and to respect it elsewhere – and when I speak of independence, I am not thinking only of politics, but also of culture. There is a great danger of too much cultural uniformity. No great civilization has ever been cosmopolitan.

Modern [4]cosmopolitanism is based upon science and machinery. These two new elements in civilization have been superimposed upon older cultures and have shown themselves such powerful solvents that they tend to put an end not only to what was bad but also to what was good in the culture of the past. It must be admitted that they are necessary, and that they are good if rightly controlled, but it need not be admitted that adulation of them should sweep away everything else. If human life is to be tolerable, it cannot be wholly mechanized. It must continue to contain poetry and music and art and love and the simple joys of life. These are things that tend to be forgotten in a Machine Age. They are forgotten in the Communist philosophy, and they are not given sufficient weight by many men who think themselves in the forefront of progress. I should like to hope that re-awakening Asia will remember these elements in the good life. I should like to think that rivalries and the struggle for national independence will not be so severe as to compel militaristic mechanization. I should say to the re-awakening nations of Asia: 'Your independence will not be very difficult to preserve, especially in view of the division of the rest of the world into two hostile camps. But what will perhaps be more difficult will be to refrain from copying the mistakes of the West.' The West throughout the last five centuries has displayed extraordinary energy – energy which has taken many forms, some good, some bad. It has explored the world from Pole to Pole. It has learn't the secrets of atoms and stars. It has discovered how to produce such an abundance of necessaries and comforts as previous ages would have thought unimaginable. But all this, which might have ministered to human happiness, has been vitiated by one fatal fault; the love of power over other human beings. Africans and Asians alike have been tortured and oppressed by the energetic ingenuity of Western conquest. If the world is to be happy, energy and ingenuity must no longer be expended in the exploitation of those who have less of these qualities. Mankind must learn a degree of mutual respect which has never hitherto existed. Perhaps some at least of the nations of Asia will have learn't this lesson from their sufferings at the hands of ingenious despots. Perhaps, on the other hand, they will only have acquired a wish to imitate the ruthless [5]mastodons who are bringing the West to disaster. I have not the gift of prophecy and I cannot plumb the depths of human folly, but, while there is uncertainty, hope and apprehension are equally rational, and hope is more likely to be beneficial. So long, therefore, as hope remains possible, I shall continue to hope. And a large part of my hope will be centered in the East.

Notes :

1. *the T'ang dynasty:* This powerful dynasty ruled China between 618 and 907 A.D. It extended Chinese rule over a vast area, but was also notable for its encouragment of the arts of peace within China itself. Paper money and printing were known in China during this period, centuries before they were known in Europe. Administration was efficient and the arts, particularly poetry and painting, flourished.
2. *The French. . . etc.:* This sentence was written in 1954.
3. *the spinning-wheel:* Gandhi made the spinning-wheel the symbol of his social philosophy– the virtual boycott of foreign –made goods and the fostering of domestic cottage industries.

4. *cosmopolitanism:* international culture divorced from local characteristics; the feeling of belonging to the world rather than to any particular country.

5. *mastodons:* gigantic prehistoric animals, similar to elephants but larger and even more powerful.

Answer the questions below. Questions 1 to 8 can be answered very briefly. Fuller answers may be given to questions 9 and 10.

1. Why is it insular for European historians to term the centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire 'The Dark Ages' ?
2. On what grounds does the author argue that Communism is the 'most modern and virulent form of Western Imperialism' ?
3. To what cause does the author attribute the power of England in the early Nineteenth Century and the power of the United States and Russia today ?
4. Why does the author consider it useless to resist industrialization ?
5. Does the author welcome cultural uniformity or not ? How does he justify his attitude ?
6. How is traditional culture threatened in an age dominated by science and machinery ?
7. What reasons does the author give for his opinion that the nations of Asia will not find it hard to keep their independence ?
8. What, in the author's view, has been the most serious flaw in the character of the West over the last few centuries ?
9. What parallels may be drawn between the decline of the power of Europe at the end of the Roman empire and the decline in the power of Europe since 1914 ?
10. What, in the author's opinion, should Asian countries accept from the West and what should they reject ?

Composition :

Note : *When you write composition exercises, you are asked to write within a given number of words. It is highly important for you to obey this instruction. Those who write for publication are constantly required to supply editors or publishers with pieces of writing which will exactly fill a given space, and the skill of writing to a given length is one which all students of composition should acquire.*

Write an article of 350 to 400 words for a school or college magazine on *one* of the following topics :

1. *The Re-Awakening East:* an essay by Bertrand Russell.
2. Industrialization – a blessing or a menace.
3. The value of the arts to modern man.
4. What we can learn from the successes and failures of the West.
5. A visit to a factory.

PRECIS WRITING

This is, perhaps, the most difficult of all language exercises. It demands a complete understanding of the passage that is to be summarized and considerable skill in composition. When one is asked to write a precis one is normally expected to write a paragraph about one-third of the length of the original passage and to express all the essential facts and ideas contained in the original.

Some pieces of writing are impossible to summarize because they are packed with facts or ideas all of which are too important to omit and written in so concise a style that they cannot be re-phrased in fewer words. This is particularly true of much scientific and technical writing. When, for example, a scientific experiment is described step-by-step, it is usually quite impossible to leave anything out. If the writer is clumsy and long-winded, re-phrasing may save a few words here and there, but if all the facts and processes are of importance and must be mentioned, a real summary is impossible to make.

Writing which deals more in opinions and ideas is usually easier to summarize. If a writer has a point of view on some such subject as religion, politics or history, and wishes to persuade readers to accept his point of view, he is not likely to state his point of view tersely and leave it at that. He will bring forward the evidence that supports his point of view. He will argue from that evidence to his conclusions. Like a lawyer he may call evidence from different sources, all in support of his main case. Some parts of his evidence and argument may be less important than others and may be discarded altogether in a summary or presented in less detail. A writer whose aim is to persuade is likely to repeat some of the assertions of key importance to his argument, so that the reader may not forget them, but in a summary once a thing is said it need not be said again. The writer of a summary must first of all be absolutely certain what case the writer of the original passage is making – what set of facts or opinions he is trying to establish – and the summary must convey the real message of the passage fully and clearly. Important statements essential to the writer's argument must be preserved. Repetitions, digressions, unnecessary details – all these can go, even though the eloquence and persuasive power of the original passage may have depended largely upon them.

Let us make an attempt to summarize the following extract from the essay by Bertrand Russell that we have just read.

There are some things which, though in many ways regret-table, it is necessary to accept as conditions of survival in the modern world. The most important of these is the growth of industrialism. The power of England in the early Nineteenth Century was based upon a virtual monopoly of machine production, and the power of Russia and the United States in the present day is due to their supremacy in this respect. It is useless to talk against mechanization, because it is the source of power and because those who lag behind have difficulty in preserving independence. When industrialism was new in England, it roused indignant protests on account of its ruthlessness and destruction of beauty. These protests were eloquently expressed in Carlyle's Past and Present, *but they remained completely ineffective. They are similarly ineffective in the present day. Gandhi, in spite of his immense influence over his compatriots, was totally unable to restore the spinning-wheel. Machine production, and scientific technique generally, is bound to prevail wherever there is sufficient civilization to make it possible.*

The chief assertion of this extract– the case that the writer is trying to make – is that industrialization is a condition of survival in the modern world. Our precis must make this point, if it does nothing else. Two very strong arguments for industrialization are given, both in the same sentence (the fifth). Industrialization is a source of power: countries which lag behind in mechanizing their societies will find it difficult to keep their independence. Both arguments, especially the second, will carry great weight, particularly with Asian readers, whom the author plainly has in mind. They must appear in our precis. As evidence to support the first argument, we have the power of England in the early Nineteenth Century and the present-day power of the United States and Russia. It will probably be worth our while to put this evidence in our summary, if we have room, particularly if we think we can compress the sentence (the third) which contains it. The author further supports his main contention by pointing out that earlier attempts to resist the growth of industrialism, in Britain and India, have been quite ineffective. He goes into some detail in this matter, mentioning the unavailing protests of Carlyle and Gandhi, and we ought to be able to compress this part of the extract very considerably. The last sentence *repeats* his main contention and consequently may be left out of the precis altogether.

The original passage contains 176 words. If we were asked to write a precis of it in an examination we should probably be asked to reduce it to about a third of its length – to between 55 and 65 words. Let us write a first draft of our precis, remembering what we have decided to keep, to compress heavily or to leave out.

Industrialization, though in some ways regrettable, is one of the conditions of survival in the modern world. The power of England in the early Nineteenth Century and the present-day power of Russia and the United States are explained by their supremacy in machine production. Mechanization is the source of power and industrially backward countries have difficulty in preserving independence. Protests against industrialization, such as those of Carlyle and Gandhi, have proved altogether ineffective.

On counting the words, we find that our first draft goes to 73 words, 8 over the permitted maximum. It should not be too difficult to get rid of 8 words merely by re-phrasing our version more economically. The following changes will save words without the loss of any important idea.

First Draft	**Final Version**
(a) *one of the conditions of survival*	*a condition of survival*
(b) *The power of England in the early Nineteenth Century and the present-day power of Russia and the United States*	*The former power of England and the present-day power of Russia and America*
(c) *their supremacy in machine production.*	*their industrial supremacy*
(d) *have difficulty in preserving independence*	*cannot easily stay independent*
(e) *such as those*	*like those*

These changes will shorten the length by 12 words and give us 61 words in our final version:

Industrialization, though in some ways regrettable, is a condition of survival in the modern world. The former power of England and the present-day power of Russia and America are explained by their industrial supremacy. Mechanization is the source of power and industrially backward countries cannot easily stay independent. Protests against industrialization, like those of Carlyle and Gandhi, have proved altogether ineffective.

It should be realized that our precis, although it retains the gist of the original, is not nearly so effective a piece of writing as the original. When an original passage is written by a master of English prose such as Bertrand Russell, who writes with beautiful lucidity and economy of language, a great deal must be lost in a bare summary, no matter how competently it is done. Our precis says, pretty faithfully, all the important things that the original had to say, but the appeal – the persuasive power – of the original has been lost. The precis is too compressed to be attractive, it leads up to the main points less gracefully and tellingly, and it loses vividness by its suppression of detail. However, it would serve as a very useful note for anybody who wished to record what Bertrand Russell's views on this matter were, and how he supported them.

The writing of precis is not only a fine advanced exercise in the comprehension and use of language but is a valuable practical skill. In business and in administration, summaries of correspondence are often necessary. Secretaries of committees rarely report verbatim all that is said. They summarize it. In fact writing the minutes of any kind of meeting is a practical exercise in precis. Students making notes from the books they read engage in the same sort of exercise. Such notes need not be written with the same care to sentence construction that is expected in the precis written as an exercise or test, but they demand the same fullness of comprehension and the same skill in picking out what is most important.

The extract from Bertrand Russell's essay was rather a difficult passage to summarize. The following passage is very much easier. Write a precis of it in about 102 words.

Several times in the history of the world, particular countries and cities, or even small groups of people, have attained a high degree of civilization. Yet none of these civilizations, important as they were, have lasted, and one of the reasons why they did not last was that they were confined to a very few people. They were like little oases of civilization in deserts of barbarism. Now it is no good being civilized if everybody round about you is barbarous, or rather, it is some good, but it is very risky. For the barbarians are always liable to break in on you, and with their greater numbers and rude vigor scatter your civilization to the winds. Over and over again in history comparatively civilized peoples dwelling in cities have been conquered in this way by barbarians coming down from the hills and burning and killing and destroying whatever they found in the plains. In the thirteenth century most of Europe was overrun in this way by the Mongols from Central Asia, and such civilization as then existed was nearly destroyed. Thus any people which has advanced in civilization too for beyond its neighbours has always been liable to be set upon and pulled back by the others, just as, if you build a high tower without proper supports, it is always liable to fall down to the level of the lower buildings round about it.

Now one of the noticeable things about modern civilization, which is also one of the reasons why it is likely to outlast the others, is that it is more or less free from this particular danger. And it is free from it, because it is far less local and far more widespread than the other: so widespread, indeed, that it already covers a large part of the earth.

This is an easy passage to summarize because its essential ideas are few and stand out clearly. Make certain that your precis brings out the three following points at least:

(i) Civilizations of earlier periods have invariably collapsed.
(ii) They did so because they were attacked by backward but numerically superior people.
(iii) The civilization of the modern world is less likely to collapse because it is not local.

FOR STUDY

BRING

1. Convey, escort. The verb contrasts with *take* in that there is the sense of movement towards a point, often the location of the speaker.
Bring it here.
The postman didn't bring me any letters this morning.
Mr. Siddiqui brought a friend home to lunch with him.

2. Cause, produce (i.e bring into existence).
Walpole's government brought many years of peace to Britain.
Wealth does not always bring happiness.

3. Before infinitives, *bring* may mean persuade or force.
He could not bring himself to speak to the man who had treated his father so shamefully.
The inhuman threats of the kidnappers brought him to sign the appeal for ransom.
I wish I could bring some of my friends to understand that when they use my telephone it costs me money.

BRING ABOUT

Cause to happen.
The war brought about many permanent changes in the economic structure of Europe.
The fall of Rome was brought about by the irresponsibility of its rulers.

BRING DOWN

1. Bring to the ground by killing, wounding or damaging.
The storms brought many chimneys down.
He brought down the tiger with his first shot.
The aeroplane was brought down by anti-aircraft guns.

2. Cause to become lower.
The expectation of a good crop has brought down the price of cotton.

The drugs soon brought down the patient's temperature.

BRING FORTH

Produce, give birth to (archaic).

The new traffic regulations brought forth many complaints from motorists.

The day's proceedings in court brought forth no important new evidence.

BRING FORWARD

1. Present for examination or consideration.

   The ideas that he brought forward were highly original.

   I shall certainly bring your letter forward at the next meeting of our committee.

2. Carry figures from one section of an account to the next.

   The first 'credit' entry in your bank statement is the amount brought forward from the previous month.

3. Cause to develop early.

   The mild weather that we had at the end of the winter has brought forward almost all the vegetables in my garden.

BRING HOME TO

Cause a truth to be realized or proved.

The police are reasonably certain that he committed the crime, but they have not yet enough evidence to bring it home to him.

·The Prime Minister's words brought home to everybody the gravity of the situation.

The young man was so foolish and self-willed that I was quite unable to bring home to him the wickedness of his conduct.

(*Home* has a similar meaning in such a sentence as *I told him a few home truths. 'Home truths'* means unpleasant facts, frankly stated, about some body's character or conduct.)

BRING IN

1. Yield an income.

   Spare-time writing brings him in several hundreds (of rupees) *a year.*

2. To deliver a verdict (normally employed only of juries.)

   The jury, after a long retirement, brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty'.

BRING OFF

1. Rescue from a ship in distress.
   The entire crew of the wrecked ship was brought off by helicopters.

2. Succeed in doing (common in colloquial English but uncommon in formal writing).
   The airmen in the helicopters brought off a magnificent rescue operation.

BRING ON

Cause something unpleasant (usually an illness) to happen.
The cold damp weather brought on his rheumatism again.

BRING OUT

1. Make prominent or clear.
   I like our professor's lectures because he brings out the really important points so clearly.
   The guilt of the defendant was, beyond question, brought out by the evidence of the last witness.

2. Publish.
   His new novel will be brought out next spring.

BRING ROUND

1. Persuade a person to change his mind.
   At first he was unwilling to forgive his son, but his wife's entreaties eventually brought him round.

2. Cause an unconscious person to recover consciousness.
   When we got him out of the water, we thought he was dead but a policeman gave him artificial respiration and brought him round.

BRING THROUGH

Successfully help or manage through danger or difficulty.
The storm was very dangerous for so small a ship and it was only the skill of the captain that brought us through.
My uncle thanked the doctor warmly, realizing that he had brought him through a very dangerous illness.

BRING UP

1. Rear and train a child or children.
His parents both died when he was very young and he was brought up by an uncle and aunt.
It is not surprising that my cousin is selfish and idle for his parents brought him up with far too much indulgence.

2. Bring (a subject) to somebody's attention.
You should bring up this question of a salary increase for Mr. Brown when you next write to the managing director.

BRING TO BEAR

Direct upon.

All the guns were brought to bear upon the enemy's front line.
I believe he will refuse to repay the money unless we bring to bear upon him the threat of legal proceedings.

BRING TO PASS

Cause to happen.

New inventions have brought to pass amazingly rapid changes in our means of communication.

BRING TO AN END

Finish.

He brought his speech to an end with a witty little story.
The battle of Waterloo brought Napoleon's second reign to an end.

BRING SOMEBODY TO HIS SENSES

Make somebody suddenly become sensible.

The loss of so much money ought to bring him to his senses and make him give up gambling.

BRING TO LIGHT

Reveal.

The excavation at Moen-jo-daro brought to light the ruins of a large and very ancient city.
When the company's books were thoroughly examined, an amazing series of frauds was brought to light.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. The recent discoveries of medical science have brought life and health to millions of people.
2. He could not bring himself to accuse his own brother.
3. The destruction of forests commonly brings about great changes of climate.
4. He fired both barrels and brought a bird down with each shot.
5. The shop-keeper refused to bring his price down any further.
6. If children are badly brought up, you cannot expect them to be good citizens when they have grown up.
7. Several important topics will be brought up at our next meeting, so I hope you will be able to attend.
8. Our chairman brought forward a very strong argument for enlarging the committee.
9. The increase in crime will not be halted unless society brings home to criminals the fact that crime does not pay.
10. His shares in his brother's company bring him in a bigger income than he ever expected.
11. This is not a good summary because it fails to bring out one of the most important points in the original passage.
12. Our football team has brought off the remarkable feat of winning the championship for three years in succession.
13. Your arguments are not strong enough to bring me round to your point of view.
14. Is he still unconscious or has the doctor brought him round?
15. We thought he would die of his injuries but the wonderful work of the hospital staff brought him through.
16. We shall have to bring all our intelligence to bear upon this difficult problem.
17. The headmaster's stern words brought the lad to his senses.
18. Great historical events are sometimes brought to pass by the will and energy of a single person.
19. Historians have recently brought to light a number of important new facts about the last years of Napoleon's life.
20. Please try to bring your son to understand that he has no hope of passing the examination if he does not work harder.

READING - TEXT THREE

THE DAY THE DAM BROKE

James Thurber

James Groves Thurber, who died in 1961, is one of the foremost American humorists of modern times. He worked for some years on the Paris staff of *The Chicago Tribune*, but is best known for his association with *The New Yorker* to which his witty articles and amusing drawings attracted many readers. Among his most entertaining books are *The Seal in the Bedroom* (1932), *Let Your Mind Alone* (1937), *Fables for Our Times* (1940), *Men, Women and Dogs* (1943) and *The Beast in Me and Other Animals* (1948). Some entertaining autobiographical details are to be found in *My Life and Hard Times*.

The Day the Dam Broke is a good example of Thurber's sardonic but affectionate view of human behaviour.

My memories of what my family and I went through during the 1913 flood in Ohio I would gladly forget. And yet neither the hardships we endured nor the turmoil and confusion we experienced can alter my feeling toward my native state and city. I am having a fine time now and wish 'Columbus were here, but if anyone ever wished a city was in hell it was during that frightful and perilous afternoon in 1913 when the dam broke, or, to Gobe more exact, when everybody in town thought that the dame broke. We were both ennobled and demoralized by the experience. Grandfather especially rose to magnificent heights which can never lose their splendour for me, even though his reactions to the flood were based upon a profound misconception: namely, that Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry was the menace we were called upon to face. The only possible means of escape for us was to flee the house, a step which grandfather sternly forbade, brandishing his old army sabre in his hand. 'Let the sons – come!' he roared. Meanwhile hundreds of people were streaming by our house in wild panic, screaming 'Go east! 'Go east!' We had to stun grandfather with the ironing board. Impeded as we were by the inert form of the old gentleman – he was taller than six feet and weighed almost a hundred and seventy pounds – we were passed, in the first half-mile, by practically everyody else in the city. Had grandfather not come to, at the corner of Parsons Avenue and Town Street, we would unquestionably have been overtaken and engulfed by the roaring waters – that is, if there had been any roaring waters. Later, when the panic had died down and people had gone rather sheepishly back to their homes and their offices, minimizing the distances they had run and offering various reasons for running, city engineers pointed out that even if the dam had broken, the water level would not have risen more than two additional inches in the West Side. The West Side was, at the time of the dam scare, under thirty feet of water - as, indeed, were all Ohio river towns during the great spring floods of twenty years ago. The East Side (where we lived and where all the running occurred) had never been in any danger at all. Only a rise of some ninety-five feet could have caused the flood waters to flow over High Street – the thoroughfare that divided the east side of town from the west – and engulf the East Side.

The fact that we were all as safe as kittens under a cook-stove did not, however, assuage in the least the fine despair and the grotesque desperation which seized upon the residents of the East Side when the cry spread like a grass fire that the dam had given way. Some of the most dignified, staid, cynical, and clear thinking men in town abandoned their wives, stenographers, homes, and offices and ran east. There are few alarms in the world more terrifying than 'The dam has broken!' There are few persons capable of stopping to reason when that clarion cry strikes upon their ears, even persons who live in towns no nearer than five hundred miles to a dam.

The Columbus, Ohio, broken-dam rumour began, as I recall it, about noon of 12 March 1913. High Street, the main [2]canyon of trade, was loud with the placid hum of business and the buzzing of placid businessmen arguing, computing, wheedling, offering, refusing, compromising. Darius Conningway, one of the foremost corporation lawyers in the Middle-West, was telling the Public Utilities Commission in the language of [3]Julius Caesar that they might as well try to move the Northern star as to move him. Other men were making their little boasts and their little gestures. Suddenly somebody began to run. It may be that he had simply remembered, all of a moment, an engagement to meet his wife, for which he was now frightfully late. Whatever it was, he ran east on Broad Street (probably toward the Maramor Restaurant, a favourite place for a man to meet his wife). Somebody else began to run, perhaps a newsboy in high spirits. Another man, a portly gentleman of affairs, broke into a trot. Inside of ten minutes, everybody on High Street, from the Union Depot to the Court-house was running. A loud mumble gradually crystallized into the dread word 'dam'. 'The dam has broke!' The fear was put into words by a little old lady in [4] an electric, or by a traffic cop, or by a small boy: nobody knows who, nor does it now really matter. Two thousand people were abruptly in full flight. 'Go east!' was the cry that arose – east away from the river, east to safety. 'Go east! Go east! Go east !'

Black streams of people flowed eastward down all the streets leading in that direction; these streams, whose headwaters were in the drygoods stores, office buildings, harness shops, movie theatres, were fed by trickles of housewives, children, cripples, servants, dogs, and cats, slipping out of the houses past which the main stream flowed, shouting and screaming. People ran out leaving fires burning and food cooking and doors wide open. I remember, however, that my mother turned out all the fires and that she took with her a dozen eggs and two loaves of bread. It was her plan to [5]make Memorial Hall, just two blocks away,and take refuge somewhere in the top of it, in one of the dusty rooms where war veterans met and where old battle flags and stage scenery were stored. But the seething througs, shouting 'Go east', drew her along and the rest of us with her. When grandfather regained full consciousness, at Parsons Avenue, he turned upon the retreating mob like a vengeful prophet and exhorted the men to form ranks and stand off the Rebel dogs, but at length he, too, got the idea that the dam had broken and, roaring 'Go east!' in his powerful voice, he caught up in one arm a small child and in the other a slight clerkish man of perhaps forty-two and we slowly began to gain on those ahead of us.

A scattering of firemen, policemen, and army officers in dress uniforms – there had been a review at Fort Hayes, in the northern part of town – added colour to the surging billows of people. 'Go east!' cried a little child in a piping voice, as she ran past a porch on which drowsed a lieutenant-colonel of infantry. Used to quick decisions, trained to immediate obedience, the officer bounded off the porch and, running at full tilt, soon passed the child, bawling 'Go east!' The two of them emptied rapidly the houses of the little street they were on. 'What is it? What is it?' demanded a fat, [6]waddling man who intercepted the colonel. The officer dropped behind and asked the little child what it was. 'The dam has broke!' gasped the girl. 'The dam has broke!' roared the colone. 'Go east! Go east! Go east!' He was soon leading, with the exhausted child in his arms, a fleeing company of three hundred persons who had gathered around him from living– rooms, shops, garages, backyards, and basements.

Nobody has ever been able to compute with any exactness how many people took part in the great [7]rout of 1913, for the panic, which extended from the Winslow Bottling Works in the south and to Clintonville, six miles north, ended as abruptly as it began and the bobtail and ragtag and velvet-gowned groups of refugees melted away and slunk home, leaving the streets, peaceful and deserted. 'The shouting, weeping, tangled evacuation of the city lasted not more than two hours in all. Some few people got as far east as Reynoldsburg, twelve miles away; fifty or more reached the Country Club, eight miles away; most of the others gave up, exhausted, or climbed trees in Franklin Park, four miles out. Order was restored and fear dispelled finally by means of militiamen riding about in motor lorries bawling through megaphones: 'The dam has *not* broken!' At first this tended only to add to the confusion and increase the panic, for many stampeders thought the soldiers were bellowing 'The dam has now broken!' thus setting an official seal of authentication on the calamity.

All the time, the sun shone quietly and there was nowhere any sign of or oncoming waters. A visit in an airplane, looking down on the straggling, agitated masses of people below, would have been hard put to it to divine a reason for the phenomenon. It must have inspired, in such an observer, a peculiar kind of terror, like the sight of the [8]*Marie Celeste*, abandoned at sea, its galley fires peacefully burning, its tranquil decks bright in the sunlight.

An aunt of mine, aunt Edith Taylor, was in a movie theatre on High Street when, over and above the sound of the piano in the pit (a W.S. Hart picture was being shown), there rose the steadily increasing tramp of running feet. Persistent shouts rose above the tramping. An elderly man, sitting near my aunt, mumbled something, got out of his seat, and went up the aisle at a dogtrot. This start Led everybody. In an instant the audience was jamming the aisles. 'Fire!' shouted a woman who always expected to be burned up in a theatre; but now the shouts outside were louder and coherent. 'The dam has broke!' cried somebody. 'Go east!' screamed a small woman in front of my aunt. And east they went, pushing and shoving and clawing, knocking women and children down, emerging finally into the street, torn and sprawling. Inside the theatre, Bill Hart was calmly calling some desperado's bluff and the brave girl at the piano played 'Row! Row! Row!' loudly and then 'In My Harem'. Outside, men were streaming across the Statehouse yard, others were climbing trees, a woman managed to get up on to 'These Are My Jewels' statue, whose bronze figures of [9]Sherman, Stanton, Grant, and Sheridan watched with cold unconcern the going to pieces of the capital city.

'I ran south to State Street, east on State to Third south on Third to Town, and out east on Town,' my aunt Edith has written me. 'A tall spare woman with grim eyes and a determined chin ran past me down the middle of the street. I was still uncertain as to what was the matter in spite of all the shouting. I drew up alongside the woman with some effort, for although she was in her late fifties, she had a beautiful easy running form and seemed to be in excellent condition. "What is it?" I puffed. She gave me a quick glance and then looked ahead again, stepping up her pace a trifle. "Don't ask me, ask God!" she said.

'When I reached Grant Avenue, I was so spent that Dr. H.P. Mallory – you remember Dr. Mallory, the man with the white beard who looks like Robert Browning ? – well, Dr. Mallory, whom I had drawn away from at the corner of Fifth and Town, passed me. "It's got us!" he shouted, and I felt sure that whatever it was *did* have us, for you know what conviction Dr. Mallory's statements always carried. I didn't know at the time what he meant, but I found out later. There was a boy behind him on roller-skates, and Dr. Mallory mistook the swishing of the skates for the sound of rushing water. He eventually reached the Columbus School for Girls, at the corner of Parsons Avenue and Town Street, where he collapsed, expecting the cold frothing waters of [10]the Scioto to sweep him into oblivion. The boy on the skates swirled past him and Dr. Mallory realized for the first time what he had been running from. Looking back up the street, he could see no signs of water, but nevertheless, after resting a few minutes, he jogged on east again. He caught up with me at Ohio Avenue, where we rested together. I should say that about seven hundred people passed us. A funny thing was that all of them were on foot. Nobody seemed to have had the courage to stop and start his car; but as I remember it, all cars had to be cranked in those days, which is probably the reason;

The next day, the city went about its business as if nothing had happened, but there was no joking. It was two years or more before you dared treat the breaking of the dam lightly. And even now, twenty years after, there are a few persons, like Dr. Mallory, who will shut up like a clam if you mention the Afternoon of the Great Run.

Notes :

1. *Columbus:* Thurber's native town.
2. *Canyon :* Literally a deep gorge with a stream; here the main channel of trade.
3. *Julius Caesar :* Roman general and ruler (100 - 44 B.C.) who was assassinated by a group of conspirators jealous and fearful of his supremacy.
4. *an electric :* an electric carriage (driven by batteries and now obsolete).
5. *make Memorial Hall :* reach Memorial Hall.
6. *waddling :* walking with short steps and swaying from one leg to anothr (like a duck).
7. *rout :* disorderly and hasty retreat.
8. *Marie Celeste :* a ship which was found in perfect order after being mysteriously abandoned by its crew who disappeared for ever.
9. *Sherman, Stanton, Grant and Sheridan :* eminent figures on the side of the victorious North in the American Civil War.
10. *the Scioto :* the local river, flowing into the Ohio.

Answer these questions :

1. How accurate is the title of Thurber's essay ?
2. What can we gather about grandfather's age, physique and mental condition ?
3. How does the panic appear to have started ?
4. How did Thurber's mother cope with the situation ?
5. What caused the lieutenant colonel of infantry to lead 'a fleeing company of three hundred persons ?

6. How long did the panic last and how was order restored ?

7. How did the panic start in the cinema on High Street ?

8. Why did Dr. Mallory think that the flood waters were about to engulf him ?

9. How did Thurber obtain the description of the events in the cinema and the experience of Dr. Mallory ?

10. Why did the citizens of Columbus not care to talk about the events of the 12 March 1913 ?

Composition :

Write between 350 and 400 words on *one* of the following topics :

1. An appreciation of *The Day the Dam Broke.*
2. The behaviour of crowds.
3. The dangers of panic.

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in from 90 to 100 words :

During the Mutiny of 1857 Syed Ahmed Khan saved many British people from murder by hiding them in a bunglow at Bijnor. When an angry crowd shouted that they would break into the house he went out to them, unarmed, and persuaded them to go away. For his courage he was given an honour by the Government. Soon afterwards, Syed Ahmed Khan wrote a book in which he told the British that the main cause of the Mutiny was that they knew too little about the people they were ruling. If they wanted to win the friendship of the Indian people then, they must mix with them. Very few of the British followed his advice.

Most good Muslims at this time were afraid to send their sons to the government colleges, where the English language and Western ways were taught, for fear that they would lose their faith in Islam and forget how to speak their own language. Yet education of this kind, said Syed Ahmed Khan, was the only hope for the Muslims if they wanted to win back their freedom and their proper share in the life of their country. In 1875, he founded the famous university at Aligarh where young Muslims could receive an English education without fear of becoming worse Muslims. It was a wonderful success. From Aligarh came many great Muslim scholars, teachers, reformers and statesmen. Among them were Liaquat Ali Khan, the first Prime Minister of Pakistan, Khawaja Nazimuddin, who succeeded Jinnah as Governor-General and many *other makers of modern Pakistan. At Aligarh, Muslims once again learned to think of themselves as a great people and to take a pride in their own language – Urdu.*

The language of the passage is easy but it is not very easy to summarize because it contains so many facts. One has to make a personal judgement of what facts are most important. The following facts seem to be of importance:

1. Syed Ahmed Khan's courage in the Mutiny.
2. His advice to the British.
3. The foundation of Aligarh University by Syed Ahmed Khan.
4. The reasons why its foundation was necessary.
5. Its training of future leaders of the Muslim community.
6. Its contribution to Urdu studies.

FOR STUDY

TOO: VERY

Although students of English ought to learn the distinction between these two words at an early stage, it is understandable that speakers of Urdu and Sindhi should confuse them, for these two languages make no comparable distinction.

Very merely increases the force of the adjective or adverb that it qualifies. *Too* normally carries the idea of excessiveness, excessiveness so great as to make something impossible or undesirable. The following examples bring out the distinction.

Although he was very ill, he managed to write a letter to his son.
He could not write a letter. He was too ill.
The car in front was going very fast but we overtook it.
We did not overtake the car in front. It was going too fast.
There was a very large attendance at the lecture.
There was too large an attendance at the lecture.

Note the meaning of *too* in the last example, which shows that the speaker considers that the attendance was larger than was desirable. We are not given his reason – possibly the hall was uncomfortably crowded with people.

Note the positions of *too* and *very* in phrases containing a or an.
Compare a very large attendance with too large an attendance.
It was a very difficult examination paper.
It was too difficult an examination paper.

Adjectives and adverbs preceded by *too* are frequently followed by infinitives. Two pairs of sentences in our previous examples can be neatly combined into single sentences if this construction is used. Note how *for* is employed in the second sentence.

The car in front was going too fast for us to overtake it.
He was too ill to write a letter.

It is equally correct to say, *The car in front was going too fast for us to overtake.* Both active and passive infinitives may be used.

That cupboard is too heavy for only two men to lift.
That cupboard is too heavy to be lifted by only two men.

Note the use of *for* in these examples.

The hat was too big for him.
A large car would be too expensive for us.
The questions were too difficult for Ali.

HARD : HARDLY

Hard is used both as an adjective (*a hard seat; a hard question; a hard* – i.e. severe - man, a hard – i.e. hard to endure - *clunate*) and as an adverb (most climate commonly with *work* and *try*).

He deserved to pass because he had worked hard.
Although he tries hard, Ali never gets good marks in arithmetic.

It is very important not to confuse the adverb *hard* with the adverb *hardly*. They are very different in meaning and they are diferently placed in relation to the verb.

He tried hard.
He hardly tried. (This means that he made almost no effort at all.) It is rare to find hard, as an adverb, attached to any other part of speech than a verb. *Hardly* is most usually found in association with a verb, but it may be attached to certain adjectives and adverbs, notably *any* and *never*.

The bell had hardly stopped ringing when we were told to remain in the classroom. (With a verb. The bell had only just stopped ringing).
He could hardly have expected that he would get the job.
(With a verb. It is almost impossible to believe that he expected to get the job.)
Hardly any boys knew the answer to his question. (With an adjective.)
I have hardly ever been ill since I came to this place. (With an adverb.)

Note that *hardly* may be attached to compounds of *any* – *hardly anybody* almost nobody; *hardly anything* almost nothing; *hardly anywhere* almost nowhere.

ONLY

1. Sole. Excluding all others
He is an only child.

(Use of *an only* is restricted almost completely to *an only child, an only son, an only daughter.*)

Jack was the only pupil who failed in the examination.
Only jack failed in the examination.
Hamid and Rashid are the only boys from our class who have been chosen to play in the match.

2. No more than.

I had only fifty rupees so I could not buy anything expensive.
We could only complain. (We could do no more than complain.)
We could not get our money back.
He could walk only for a few minutes at a time, because his injured leg was hurting him.

3. Because of its sense of limitation, *only* is often associated with disappointment. It usually expresses a feeling of regret or irritation when it is used in a clause beginning with if.

If you had come only two minutes earlier, we should not have missed the train.

If only may introduce an exclamation of disappointment or annoyance.

If only you had come two minutes earlier !

The above examples demonstrate that *only* may be placed in a variety of places in a sentence. In speech we can sometimes afford to be rather careless about its placing. Look at the following sentence.

The workmen only cleaned the walls.

In speech this sentence may have two meanings. If *cleaned* is stressed, it means that the workmen did no more than clean the walls – they did not put any paint or distemper on them. If *walls* is stressed, it means that they cleaned the walls only – they did not clean the ceiling.

When we write we have to be more careful, since we cannot use stress to separate one meaning from another. If we want to say that the workmen cleaned the walls only, we have to write *The workmen cleaned only the walls* or *the workmen cleaned the walls only.*

BUT : ALTHOUGH : THOUGH

The mountain is high but it is easy to climb.
Although the mountain is high, it is easy to climb.

There is virtually no difference of meaning between these two sentences. These two conjunctions are normally used to contrast two statements, one of which is rather unexpected in the light of the other. It normally describes a happening, or state of affairs, which occurs in spite of the other.

He worked hard but he made little progress.

Although he worked hard, he made little progress.

But is followed by the unexpected statement. When *although* is used, the statement which is *not* introduced by *although* is the unexpected one. The *although* clause may be placed before or after the other clause.

There is the same contrast in the following sentences when *but* and *although* are followed by adjectives.

They were poor but honest.

They were honest though poor.

Though can normally replace *although. Although* tends to be favoured in formal writing. *But* is used as a preposition with the meaning of *except.*

All the pupils but one have passed the examination.

You must speak nothing but the truth.

Please turn to the last but one chapter. (Note that *except* cannot replace *but* in the phrase *last but one.)*

BUT FOR

He would have died but for the skill of his doctor.

But for people's selfishness and thoughtlessness, there would be few people killed on the roads. (If people were not selfish and thoughtless.)

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi.

1. He was very busy but he was willing to see me.
2. He was too busy to see anybody else.
3. That book is too difficult for a young child.
4. The weather was far too hot for us to think of going for a walk.
5. The people in these mountains lead a hard life.
6. His father was a hard man and nobody liked him.
7. I am very glad that he passed because he worked very hard.
8. His brother did not deserve to pass for he had hardly worked at all.
9. I hardly knew him but he talked to me like an old friend.
10. He could hardly have believed that I would be able to pay such a large price.
11. That student has no real interest in his subject for he reads hardly any books that are not prescribed for the examination.
12. My uncle hardly ever visits us these days.
13. The child must be ill for he has eaten hardly anything.
14. It is often said that only children are usually spoilt.

15. Only Rashid wanted to have a swim.
16. Rashid did not want to go for a walk. He only wanted to have a swim.
17. If only I had another ten minutes, I could have finished my answer to the last question.
18. They went for a walk although it was raining.
19. The weather was very bad but the aeroplane took off.
20. We should have enjoyed our walk but for the wind, which filled the air with dust.

READING - TEXT FOUR

PAKISTAN AND THE MODERN WORLD

Liaquat Ali Khan

Liaquat Ali Khan was born on 1st October 1895 and died on 16th October 1951. He was the right-hand man of Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah during the crucial years of the Muslim struggle for the creation of Pakistan. In 1947, he became the first Prime Minister of the Muslim homeland for which he had worked so hard. A great statesman with a deep compassion for human suffering and a fine orator of sincerity and eloquence, he steered the country with immense ability through his early years of trial and tribulation. Educated at the Muslim University Aligarh, the University of Oxford and the Inner Temple, London, he practised law in India before dedicating himself completely to the Muslim cause. As Honorary General Secretary of the All India Muslim League he worked tirelessly and selflessly for more than a decade before Independence. *Pakistan and the Modern World* is the text of a speech he delivered to acknowledge the conferment of an honorary degree upon himself by the University of Kansas. It is one of a series of speeches that he made during his visit to the United States in 1950, speeches which constituted an admirable exposition of how Pakistan was born and how she had fared during the first difficult years of independence. In the following year, on 16 October, 'Shaheed-i-Millat', to give him the name by which he is remembered and venerated, was assassinated by a fanatic at a public meeting in Rawalpindi. This speech, with its wisdom and dignity, testifies eloquently to the nation's loss.

In conferring a degree upon me you and the University of 'Kansas City have bestowed upon me and my country an honour for which I cannot adequately thank you.

For my adress today I have advisedly chosen the subject of Pakistan and the Modern World. I have done this for two reasons. In the first place, I am conscious of the fact that you have been kind enough to select me as the recipient of your recognition, in order to do honour to my country rather than to reward me for my inadequate merits. It is fitting therefore, that in expressing gratitude for your generosity, my country more than myself should speak to you on this occasion.

In the second place, we live today in an era of widening horizons. It is in a sense an era in which new countries are being discovered. More than four centuries ago great explorers from Europe voyaging out to discover the continent from which I hail, discovered your great land. You, with your growing interest in the affairs of the world, are poised in a moment of history when you cannot but carry that voyage forward. If I may be permitted to say so, that discovery of Asia has not yet been accomplished. In fact it has only just begun. In speaking to you today, I trust I shall be of some assistance to you in discovering a part of Asia which I know well and which is very dear to me; and in pointing out some of the links that destiny is forging between your people and ours.

Pakistan is a new state; or to be more exact, a new democracy. As a democracy it is not yet three years old. There was a time when your country, where the traditions of civil liberty, freedom and democracy have not taken such firm root, was a new and young democracy and the memory of your struggle for independence was yet fresh in the minds of men. If you can, in your imagination, reconstruct those times for a little while you will in many ways be reading the history of Pakistan and of the first three years of its new life.

Till three years ago, Pakistan was only an ideal and a longing. In South Asia where present day Bharat and Pakistan were situated and where the British held way, there lived a hundred million Muslims who for centuries had made this part of the world their homeland. They lived side by side with three hundred million others – mostly Hindus who had come to this continent in an earlier era. As the day of freedom for these four hundred million people drew near, it became increasingly obvious that at the end of the British rule the one hundred million Muslims would have to live their new life as a perpetual political minority. Long experience and the history of several centuries had taught them that under a dominating majority of three to one, freedom from British rule would mean to the Muslims not freedom but merely a change of masters.

It was not merely a question of religious differences, as that phrase is generally understood. It was not merely that whereas the Muslims were monotheists, the Hindus were [3]polytheists, or that the Muslims believed in the [2]Prophet of Arabia and in Christ and the prophets of the Old Testament, whereas the Hindus did not. The differences were even more pervasive than this and created a maladjustment between the two peoples in almost every situation of their daily lives. The Hindus believed in a caste system, which made it a sin for those at the top of the hierarchy to eat with the so-called lower human beings or in some cases even to touch them; the Muslims believed in the equality of all men, regarding even priesthood as unnecessary and a negation of the bond which exists between God and each of His creatures. Their economic outlooks were also very different. The Muslims believed in the right of private ownership for everyone, whether man or woman, and had laws of inheritance and economic institutions, which unlike those of the Hindus were designed to promote the distribution of wealth and discourage vast unearned accumulations.

But since the Hindus were much larger in number, the Muslims feared that under their domination, the culture of the Muslims would suffer a great setback and would perhaps be totally eclipsed. Furthermore, in a country which was on the whole backward, the Muslims economically and industrially, were even more backward. It seemed certain to them that, as an unalterable and perpetual minority, their economic position would grow even worse. Thus to the Muslims in that part of the world, freedom from British rule meant practically nothing unless it meant freedom from the domination of the Hindu majority also.

It was for these reasons that they asked for a country of their own. The demand was not so unreasonable as it was made out to be by some people at the time. South Asia was vast enough for two large countries, the Muslims were numerous enough to constitute a nation bigger than most nations in the world, and in South Asia there were large enough areas where they were in a majority. It is these areas that were separated and today form the independent sovereign state of Pakistan. We believed then and we believe now that the demand of the Muslims in British India to have a separate state of their own was, both on human and geo-political grounds, a very reasonable demand. To millions of Muslims it meant to only opportunity for genuine freedom and genuine self-government. To millions of Hindus it gave the same opportunity for developing their own culture, untrammelled by the constant discontent of a large and unmanageable minority. From the point of view of world peace the creation of two independent and comparatively homogeneous states instead of a single uneasy and unwieldy state with great strains and stresses within the body politic was the greatest contribution that could be made towards the creation of a stable new Asia. Peace-loving men and women who today lament the strained relations between Pakistan and Bharat – and none laments them more than we do – should at least have this consolation that had Pakistan not been separated from the rest of British India, far more serious and dangerous cracks would have appeared in South Asia resulting in untold upheavals. Potentially, therefore, the creation of Pakistan has by itself dissolved what would have been a perpetual danger zone in Asia.

But it has done more than that. Cast your mind on all the countries of Asia one after another. Almost everywhere you will see intense nationalism, great backwardness, impatience with colonial rule and, in some, a greater or lesser degree of democratic rule. But in many of them you will also see internal strains, moral doubts, ideologicl conflicts, waverings, hesitations and confusions. Halting democracies and ideological confusions create great anxieties for the governments in Asia, for the people of Asia and for peace-loving and world-minded people anywhere. In the midst of these Pakistan stands unified. It stands unified because its people are free from mental confusions which elsewhere create disruption and cast menacing shadows on the future. They have chosen for themselves the part chalked out for them by their simple, practical, clear-cut beliefs and decisions. Foremost amongst those beliefs are the belief in the supreme sovereignty of God, belief in the equality of men, belief in democracy and the right of the people to be governed by their own freely chosen representatives, belief in individual destiny, in the fundamental freedoms of every single man and woman, in the right of every individual to the fruits of his own honest effort, belief in the sanctity of human life and human liberty, belief in the sanctity of the home, belief in universal peace but an equally strong belief in resisting agression, tyranny and exploitation. We did not have to acquire or inculcate these beliefs after the foundation of our new state. On the contrary, we founded a new state because we wanted to practise these beliefs without being inhibited by the contiguity, and without being thwarted by the domination, of other conflicting ways of life. For us to be undemocratic, or to ignore individual rights whether of property, belief or expression, or to bend our knee to aggression is to destroy completely the very ideals which inspired us in our demand for Pakistan.

This intensity of purpose and this firm faith have, during the last three years, been demonstrated in ways which surprised our critics and our friends, and in some ways went beyond our own expectations. When British India was partitioned we, the Pakistanis, were asked to set up a new state of eighty million people within a period of two months. We had no capital and no flag. Our administrative machinery had to be built up from scratch. We were allotted an army, but its personnel was dispersed far and wide and could not come together for months. We had no military equipment. Our share of the military equipment of British India which was allotted to us on paper remains largely undelivered even tody when three years have elapsed. Being a backward people we had no industry, no engineers and practically no traders. Within a few months of independence seven million homeless refugees driven out of India came over to us in a miserable plight to seek shelter. Had it not been for the unity of our people we might have floundered. But today after three years we are stronger than before. And in spite of some very anxious moments when our international rights and our freedom seemed to be in jeopardy, we are still free.

What are the demands that our freedom makes on us? Our first duty is to ourselves. I do not say this in any spirit of selfishness or [5]chauvinism. A free people must maintain their own freedom first. Otherwise they disgrace the fair name of free men and women all over the world. But the maintenance of freedom requirs constant vigilance. 'Liberty does not descend upon a people; a people must raise themselves to it. It is a fruit that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.' That freedom means freedom only from foreign domination, is an outworn idea. It is not merely governments that should be free but the people themselves who should be free; and no freedom has any real value for the common man or woman unless it also means freedom from want, freedom from disease, freedom from ignorance. This is the main task which confronts us if we are to take our rightful place in the modern world. We cannot hold the clock back and therefore it is we who must go forward at a double pace, bending all our resources and all our energies to this great purpose. Students of history are aware that during the last two or three centuries of foreign domination our people have not kept pace with the march of civilization. It was during these centuries that Western civilization, of which you are the proud torch-bearers, discovered a use for science which, though not new, was so fast in tempo and so vast in its magnitude that it gave civilization a new orientation altogether. This is the phase that for various reasons our people missed. The result is that today we find multitudes emerging as large, free nations in Asia with their material and mental resources utterly undeveloped and with their standards of living so low that the world conscience should not be content to leave them stagnant. Our ancient steadfast faith which is such a source of strength to us on the ideological front in these modern uneasy times must be wedded to the pioneering virility of modern technology. This is the synthesis we must achieve and achieve quickly, not merely for the sake of progress but for the sake of world peace itself.

For I sincerely believe that war and peace and progress and prosperity are all indivisible today. The innumerable millions of Asia, heirs to ancient cultures and ancient civilizations, have, after centuries of suppression, entered upon a new and dynamic phase of nationalism. Most of them were accustomed to looking at the West from the position of subject peoples and could see little beyond the less attractive side of what to them was Western civilization. Their newly won freedom has, however, corrected their vision and they are better able to see both the Western world and their own surroundings in their true perspective. While on the one hand they are filled with admiration at the sight of the progress and the advancement of civilization in such great countries as the United States of America, they are more impatient than ever before with their own misery and backwardness and are keenly searching the horizon for the signs of a bright day. They are acutely aware of the great contrast between their own standard of living and the standards of living in the Western world. This disequilibrium is in many ways most disquieting and has in it the seed of unpredictable upheavals. For the sake of world peace, for the sake of world civilization, Asia must be made stable but it cannot be made stable unless discontent is removed and the germs of disruption are killed by better and cleaner living, which means no more and no less than enabling the people of Asia to enjoy the fullest advantages of freedom and democracy. In this situations, we consider the role of Pakistan to be that of a stabilizing factor in a backward and discontented part of the world. We hope to be able to play this role successfully by our strong faith in God, in democracy and in our own unity, by the resources of our lands and waters and by our will to work. On these points Pakistan stands firm.

What, however, is the role of the Western world in this situation ? It is to demonstrate that true democracy is international in its very conception and does not shirk its responsibility for the maintenance of world peace; that it discharges this responsibility by defying not only this or that particular aggressor, but aggression everywhere; and that it has a constructive and not merely a defiant outlook. We conceive the role of the Western world to be the enlightened one of sharing its great fund of knowledge, skill and experience with those who were denied their opportunities but who constitute a major part of the world's population and without whose progress the world will limp along only on one leg, if at all. I have met many liberal-minded and thoughtful men in your country to whom these are the only aims worth pursuing in the domain of international affairs today. I am certain therefore that the vast majority of your people regard the emergence of the democracy of Pakistan its progress and future development, as of great importance in Asia for they are convinced that Pakistan's strength will be happy augury for peace.

An American statesman pointed out the other day the great similarity of the beginnings of Pakistan with the early days of America; of how America began mainly as an agricultural country just as Pakistan is today and of how both struggled successfully to free themselves of foreign rule. As your belief in individual enterprise and in civil liberties has led you to great heights both as a productive and as a democratic country, so we hope that our country, too, by following the same path and by believing in moral values, will shorten the period between its emergence as a peaceful stable democracy and its emergence as a prosperous state – in order that our co-operation with the peace-loving nations of the world, which we are most desirous to promote, should have weight and substance and we shoud be enabled by preserving our liberty and by uplifting our masses, to make our full contribution to the security and happiness of mankind.

May I leave this thought with you today – this, and the heartfelt gratitude of one whom you have honoured as the servant of a democratic and determined people. By your generous gesture of kindness and esteem, you have almost relieved me of the pleasant task which I came here to perform, namely to bring Pakistan and the United States of America closer together in the name of humanity and world peace.

Notes :

1. *Kansas City:* the capital city of Kansas State, which lies in the central area of the United States of America.
2. *monotheist :* believer in only one God.
3. *polytheist :* believer in many gods.

4. *the body politic :* the State as political unit.

5. *chauvinism :* patriotism distorted into a form of narrow-minded and intolerant self-aggrandizement.

Answer these questions :

1. Briefly state the main reason given by Liaquat Ali Khan for the Muslim's desire not to continue living in a united India.
2. What main differences does he point out between Muslim and Hindu beliefs and attitudes ?
3. What advantage does he show the Hindus to have gained from the creation of Pakistan ?
4. 'Our administrative machinery had to be built up from scratch.' What does this sentence mean ?
5. On what grounds does Liaquat Ali Khan assert that the first duty of the Pakistanis as a free people is to themselves ?
6. What does he state the real meaning of freedom, for the common man, to be ?
7. What is meant by a 'synthesis' ?
8. What is the synthesis that Liaquat Ali Khan believes is necessary for Pakistan to achieve ?
9. Liaquat Ali Khan contrasts two emotions that the Asian peoples tend to feel when they view the Western world. What are these two emotions ?
10. What does he put forward as the two main duties today of the Western world ?

Composition :

Write an essay of between 350 and 400 words on one of the following subjects:

1. Why the Muslims of South Asia strove to found their own state.
2. The ideals of modern Pakistan.

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in from 95 to 100 words :

That freedom means freedom only from foreign domination, is an outworn idea. It is not merely governments that should be free but the people themselves who should be free; and no freedom has any real value for the common man or woman unless it also means freedom from want, freedom from disease, freedom from ignorance. This is the main task which confronts us if we are to take our rightful place in the modern world. We cannot hold the clock back and therefore it is we who must go forward at a double pace, bending all our resources and all our energies to this great purpose. Students of history are aware that during the last two or three centuries of foreign domination our people have not kept pace with the march of civilization. It was during these centuries that Western civilization of which you are the proud torch-bearers, discovered a use for science which, though not new was so fast in tempo and so vast in its magnitude that it gave civilization a new orientation altogether. This is the phase that for various reasons our people missed. The result is that today we find multitudes emerging as large, free nations in Asia with their material and mental resources utterly undeveloped and with their standards of living so low that the world consciece should not be content to leave them stagnant. Our ancient steadfast faith which is such a source of strength to us on the ideological front in these modern uneasy times must be wedded to the pioneering virility of modern technology. This is the synthesis we must achieve and achieve quickly, not merely for the sake of progress but for the sake of world peace itself.

In this summary it is important not only to present the main ideas but also to preserve the sequence in which they follow, for the passage is marked by a logical progression from one idea to the next. There is first the idea that freedom is something more than freedom from foreign domination. It means freedom from want, disease and ignorance. Then, there is the idea that Western civilization has advanced rapidly because of the applications of science while many nations in Asia have stood still. The third important idea, which follows from the other two, is that we (i.e. we Pakistanis) must combine our ancient faith with the energetic and pioneering spirit of modern technology. This flow of ideas must be preserved.

This particular passage happens to raise a difficulty that occasionally crops up in precis writing. What are we to do if the original passage is uttered in the first person, using such words as *I*, *we* and *our*? There is a common-sense answer to this question. The precis is your piece of writing, though it summarizes what somebody else has uttered. Consequently, if the author has used some such phrase as *I believe* you should change it - if you wish to retain the sense of it in your summary - to *The author believes* or, if you have previously mentioned him, *He believes*. In this passage we find *we* and *our* used, meaning *we Pakistanis* and *of us Pakistanis*. You yourselves are included in these words, so you should not change them. On the other hand, a foreign student summarizing the same passage would have to change them and write in such terms as *the main task confronting Pakistanis, if they are to survive in the modern world....* When the speaker uses *you* and you wish to use the equivalent in your summary, you must change it to *we* or *us* if you are among the people addressed, or to the name of the people addressed (or to *they* or *them* if the application of these pronouns is clear) if he is addressing a set of people to whom you do not belong.

FOR STUDY

MAKE

1. Construct. Manufacture. Bring into existence. Compose.
   Three hundred cars a day are made at this factory.
   I've made you some tea.
   The headmaster has made a rule forbidding pupils to run in the corridors or on the stairways.

2. Compel.
   The teacher made the pupils tidy their desks before they went home.
   Soldiers are made to dress smartly.

3. Bring about a certain condition or action. (Note the variety of possible sentence patterns.)
   The rain had made the ground wet.
   The watchmaker has made our old clock go again.
   The noise of the traffic makes it impossible for us to work with the windows open.
   The sight of this delicious food made us feel hungry.
   This medicine will make you better.
   I cannot make my figure agree with your calculations.
   He has made it known that he will leave his present job if a better one is offered to him.
   It should be made an offence for a driver to take a corner on the wrong side of the road.

4. Appoint.
   The firm made him a manager when he was only thirty.
   Their son has been made a prefect.

5. Amount to, Form.
   Two and two make four.
   Rashid and Hanif make a very fine pair of full-backs.

6. Make regularly combines with certain nouns to describe certain actions or activities.

Our disagreement made no difference (did not make any difference) to our friendship.
The thief made his escape by climbing over the wall.
He made a gesture inviting me to take the chair next to him.
Ask the children not to make so much noise.
If you don't make haste, you will miss the bus.
He had made a long journey in order to be present at the anniversary celebrations of his old school.
He made a living by keeping a small shop.
I'm afraid I have made a mistake.
A shop-keeper who does not try to please his customers is unlikely to make very much money.
He moved his chair to one side to make room for me at the table.
The chairman made a speech which was short and to the point.
Columbus made his famous vayage in a ship that was tiny by modern standards.

MAKE FOR

1. Deliberately move towards.

The ship was making for Chittagong when it was caught in the storm.

2. Tend to develop or support

Confidence in oneself makes for tolerance of other people.

When a thing is made of some single material, it is usually said to be *made* of it. *Make from* suggests that the original material is changed in the manufacturing process. *Make out of* carries a suggestion that there is some elaborateness or ingenuity in the way the thing is made. However, the distinctions between the three phrases are anything but sharp.

The hulls of ships used to be made of wood. Indeed people once believed that ships made of iron or steel could not possibly float.
Sugar may be made from a variety of plants. Most of the sugar we consume is made from sugar-cane or from sugar-beet.
She made a very pretty quilt out of a number odd scraps of cloth.
It is fascinating to watch a potter making a lump of clay into a beautiful vase.

MAKE OFF

Go away hastily or furtively.

When he heard the dog, the theif made off.

Before we could stop it, the cat made off with a fish from the dish.

MAKE OUT

1. Write down a series of items.
She is making out a list of books that are missing.
While the shop-keeper was making out the bill, I found that I had left my money at home.

2. Recognize the form or pattern of something.
The band was playing so atrociously that I could scarcely make out the tune that was being played.
His handwriting is so bad that there are one or two sentences I simply cannot make out.

3. Understand (colloquial)
Did you make out what he was trying to tell us ?
I can't make him out. (His character baffles me.)

MAKE UP

1. Invent or compose.
His story was not true. He had made it up.
The composer made up a pretty little tune while he was sitting at the piano.
She used to tell her children stories at bed-time, often making them up as she went along.

2. Make a single preparation or collection out of different things.
Chemists make up medicines from doctor's prescriptions.
The ladies are making up parcels of gifts for the children at the orphans home.
The captain is making up a team for a match on Sunday.

3. Improve or alter one's facial appearance by artificial means.
The noun is *make-up.*
Film actors and actresses have to make up (make themselves up) very heavily.
His make-up was so skilful that he really looked like a poor old man.

4. To *make it up* means to be friendly again after a quarrel.
Sometimes the two children have a quarrel but they nearly always make it up very quickly.

5. To *make up one's mind* means to come to come to a firm decision or opinion.
He has made up his mind to be a doctor, like his father.
I cannot make up my mind whether that man is a fool or a rogue.

MAKE UP FOR

Compensate for.

He was away from school for three weeks and now he is working hard to make up for lost time.

We are taking the children to the zoo this afternoon to make up for their disappointment last Sunday when we promised to take them out but couldn't.

MAKE FRIENDS WITH

Become friendly with.

Soon after Ahmed went to live at the hostel, he made friends with a young man from his own town.

MAKE SURE (CERTAIN)

Please make sure (certain) that you have put down the correct date.

I made sure (certain) that everybody had got on the bus by counting them.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi.

1. How is a gramophone record made ?
2. What sort of wood are these chairs made of ?
3. The carpenter made his daughter a beautiful dolls' house.
4. The headmaster made the boys explain why they were not in their classroom.
5. These pictures will make the room more attractive.
6. The bushes on the corner make it difficult for a driver to see the traffic approaching from the right.
7. I think you have made a mistake.
8. Why did he make such a long speech ?
9. That small aeroplane is making for Walton aerodrome.
10. What is a gramophone record made of ?
11. Many of the new plastics are made from oil.
12. Can you make out who is standing by the door at the back of the hall?
13. Did you make out a list of the clothes that you sent to be washed ?
14. The stories that she makes up for her children ought to be written down and published.

15. It is impossible to make up a good team becaue nearly half our players are away.
16. They have made it up and are friends again.

17. I wish that he would stop hesitating and make up his mind.
18. He did not write to me at all last week but he has made up for it by writing to me twice this week.
19. Rashid soon made friends with a boy who lived next door.
20. Did you make certain that the door was locked ?

READING – TEXT FIVE

ACT III OF THE SILVER BOX

John Galsworthy

John Galsworthy (1867-1933) was a distinguished novelist and playwright whose works contain a great deal of criticism of British society, particularly of the values of the well-to-do professional class to which he himself belonged. He had strong sympathies with the unfortunate and was well described by one of his contemporaries, the novelist Conrad, as a 'humanitarian moralist'. He wrote a number of novels about the Forsytes, a fictional family of the upper middle-class, perhaps the best of which is *The Man of Property*. His plays include *The Silver Box; Strife, Loyalties* and *Escape*. The court scene from the *Silver Box* reminds us that Galsworthy's father was a prosperous solicitor while he himself read law at Oxford and was called to the bar.

The Silver Box is a powerful and bitter play. In a fit of drunken mischief Jack, the dissolute son of the highly respectable Mr. Barthwick, a Liberal Member of Parliament, steals a purse from a woman. In a similar fit of drunken mischief Jones, the husband of the Barthwick's charwoman, steals the silver cigarette-box and the purse after helping Jack to enter his father's house. Mr. Barthwick is able to hush up his son's crime while, for an almost identical crime, the poverty-stricken Jones is punished and his utterly innocent wife loses her job with the Barthwicks.

Eight days have passed, and the scene is a London Police Court at one o'clock. A canopied seat of Justice is surmounted by the lion and unicorn. Before the fire a worn-looking Magistrate is warming his coat-tails, and staring at two little girls in faded blue and orange rags, who are placed before the dock. Close to the witness-box is a [1]*Relieving Officer in an overcoat and a short brown beard. Beside the little girls stands a bald Police Constable. On the front bench are sitting Barthwick and Roper, and behind them Jack. In the railed enclosure are* [2]*seedy-looking men and women. Some prosperous constables sit or stand about.*

MAGISTRATE : *(in his paternal and ferocious voice, hissing his s's.)* Now let us dispose of these young ladies.

[3]**USHER :** Theresa Livens, Maud Livens. *(The bald Constable indicates the little girls, who remain silent disillusioned, inattentive.)* Relieving Officer ! *(The Relieving Officer steps into the witness-box.)*

USHER : The evidence you give to the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God !
Kiss the book ! *(The book is kissed.)*

RELIEVING OFFICER : *(in a monotone, pausing slightly at each sentence end, that his evidence may be inscribed.)* About ten o'clock this morning, your Worship, I found these two little girls in Blue Street, Fulham, crying outside a public-house. Asked where their home was, they said they had no home. Mother had gone away. Asked about their father. Their father had no work. Asked where they slept last night. At their aunt's. I've made inquiries, your Worship. The wife has broken up the home and gone on the streets. The husband is out of work and living in common lodging-houses. The husband's sister has eight children of her own, and says she can't afford to keep these little girls any longer.

MAGISTRATE : *(returning to his seat beneath the canopy of justice.)* Now, let me see. You say the mother is on the street; what evidence have you of that ?

RELIEVING OFFICER : I have the husband here, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : Very well; then let us see him. *(There are cries of* 'Livens'. *The Magistrate leans forward, and stares with hard compassion at the little girls. Livens comes in. He is quiet, with grizzled hair, and a muffler for a collar. He stands beside the witness-box.)* And you are their father ? Now, why don't you keep your little girls at home ? How is it you leave them to wander about the streets like this ?

LIVENS : I've got no home, your Worship. I'm living from 'and to mouth. I've got no work; and nothin' to keep them on.

MAGISTRATE : How is that ?

LIVENS : *(ashamedly.)* My wife, she broke my 'ome up, and pawned the things.

MAGISTRATE : But what made you let her ?

LIVENS : Your Worship, I'd no chance to stop 'er; she did it when I was out lookin' for work.

MAGISTRATE : Did you ill-treat her ?

LIVENS : *(emphatically.)* I never raised my 'and to her in my life, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : Then what was it - did she drink ?

LIVENS : Yes, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : Was she loose in her behaviour ?

LIVENS : *(in a low voice.)* Yes, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : And where is she now ?

LIVENS : I don't know, your Worship. She went off with a man, and after that I –

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes. Who knows anything of her ? (To the bald Constable): Is she known here ?

RELIEVING OFFICER : Not in this district, your Worship; but I have ascertained that she is well known –

MAGISTRATE : Yes - yes; we'll stop at that. Now *(to the Father.)* you say that she has broken up your home, and left these little girls. What provision can you make for them ? You look a strong man.

LIVENS : So I am, your Worship. I'm willin' enough to work, but for the life of me I can't get anything to do.

MAGISTRATE : But have you tried ?

LIVENS : I've tried everything, your Worship – I've tried my 'ardest.

MAGISTRATE : Well, well – *(There is a silence.)*

RELIEVING OFFICER : If your Worship thinks it's a case my people are willing to take them.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes, I know; but I've no evidence that this man is not the proper guardian for his children. *(He rises and goes back to the fire.)*

RELIEVING OFFICER : The mother, your Worship, is able to get access to them.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes; the mother, of course, is an improper person to have anything to do with them. *(To the Father.)* Well, now what do you say ?

LIVENS : Your Worship, I can only say that if I could get work I should be only too willing to provide for them. But what can I do, your Worship? Here I am obliged to live from 'and to mouth in these 'ere common lodging–houses. I'm a strong man – I'm willing to work – I'm half as alive again as some of 'em – but you see, your Worship, my 'airs turned a bit owing to the fever *(Touches his hair.)* – and that's against me; and I don't seem to get a chance anyhow.

MAGISTRATE : Yes – yes. *(Slowly.)* Well, I think it's a case. *(Staring his hardest at the little girls.)* Now are you willing that these little girls should be sent to a home ?

LIVENS : Yes, your Worship, I should be very willing.

MAGISTRATE : Well, I'll remand them for a week. Bring them again today week; if I see no reason against it then, I'll make an order.

RELIEVING OFFICER : Today week your Worship.

(The bald Constable takes the little girls out by the shoulders. The father follows them. The Magistrate returning to his seat bends over and talks to his Clerk inaudibly.)

BARTHWICK : *(Speaking behind his hand.)* A painful case, Roper; very distressing state of things.

ROPER : Hundreds like this in the police courts.

BARTHWICK : Most distressing! The more I see of it, the more important this question of the condition of the people seems to become. I shall certainly make a point of taking up the cudgels in the House. I shall move –

(The Magistrate ceases talking to his Clerk.)

CLERK : Remands.

(Barthwick stops abruptly. There is a stir and Mrs. Jones comes in by the public door; Jones ushered by policemen, comes from the prisoner's door. They file into the dock.)

CLERK : James Jones. Jane Jones.

USHER : Jane Jones.

BARTHWICK : *(in a whisper)* The purse – the purse must be kept out of it, Roper. Whatever happens you must keep that out of the papers. *(Roper nods.)*

BALD CONSTABLE: Hush !

Mrs. Jones, dressed in her thin, black, wispy dress, and black straw hat, stands motionless with hands crossed on the front rail of the dock. Jones leans against the back rail of the dock, and keeps half turning, glancing defiantly about him. He is haggard and unshaven.)

CLERK : *(consulting with his papers.)* This is the case remanded from last Wednesday, sir. Theft of a silver cigarette – box and assault on the police; the two charges were taken together. Jane Jones ! James Jones!

MAGISTRATE : *(Staring.)* Yes, yes; I remember.

CLERK : Jane Jones.

MRS. JONES : Yes, sir.

CLERK : Do you admit stealing a silver cigarette-box valued at five pounds, ten shillings, from the house of John Barthwick, M.P., between the hours of 11 p.m. on Easter Monday and 8.45 a.m. on Easter Tuesday last? Yes or no ?

MRS. JONES : *(in a low voice.)* No, sir, I do not sir.

CLERK : James Jones ? do you admit stealing a silver cigarette – box valued at five pounds, ten shillings, from the house of John Barthwick, M.P., between the hours of 11 p.m. on Easter Monday and 8:45 a.m. on Easter Tuesday last ? And furthr making an assault on the police when in the execution of their duty at 3.00 p.m. on Easter Tuesday ? Yes or no ?

JONES : *(sullenly.)* Yes, but I've a lot to say about it.

MAGISTRATE : *(to the Clerk.)* Yes – yes. But how comes it that these two people are charged with the same offence ? Are they husband and wife ?

CLERK : Yes, sir. You remember you ordered a remand for further evidence as to the story of the male prisoner.

MAGISTRATE : Have they been in custody since ?

CLERK : You released the woman on her own [4]recognizances, sir.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes, this is the case of the silver box; I remember now. Well ?

CLERK : Thomas Marlowe.

(The cry of 'Thomas Marlowe' is repeated. Marlowe comes in, and steps into the witness-box and is sworn. The silver box is handed up, and placed on the rail.)

CLERK : *(reading from his papers.)* Your name is Thomas Marlowe? Are you butler to John Barthwick, M.P., of 6, Rockingham Gate ?

MARLOWE : Yes, sir.

CLERK : Did you between 10:45 and 11 o'clock on the night of Ester Monday last place a silver cigarette-box on a tray on the dining-room table at 6, Rockingham Gate ? Is that the box ?

MARLOWE : Yes, sir.

CLERK : And did you miss the same at 8:45 on the following morning, on going to remove the tray ?

MARLOWE : Yes, sir.

CLERK : Is the female prisoner known to you ? *(Marlowe nods.)* Is she the charwoman employed at 6, Rockingham Gate ? *(Again Marlowe nods.)* Did you at the time of your missing the box find her in the room alone ?

MARLOWE : Yes, sir.

CLERK : Did you afterwards communicate the loss to your employer, and did he send you to the police station ?

MARLOWE : Yes, sir.

CLERK : *(to Mrs.Jones.)* Have you anything to ask him ?

MRS. JONES : No, sir, nothing, thank you, sir.

CLERK : *(to Jones.)* James Jones, have you anything to ask this witness ?

JONES : I don't know 'im.

MAGISTRATE : Are you sure you put the box in the place you say at the time you say ?

MARLOWE : Yes, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : Very well; then now let us have the officer. *(Marlowe leaves the box, and Snow goes into it.)*

USHER : The evidence you give to the court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. *(The book is kissed.)*

CLERK : *(reading from his papers.)* Your name is Robert Snow ? You are a detective in the X.B. division of the Metropolitan police force ? According to instructions received, did you on Easter Tuesday last proceed to the prisoner's lodging at 34, Merthyr Street, St. Soame's? And did you on entering see the box produced, lying on the table ?

SNOW : Yes, sir.

CLERK : Is that the box ?

SNOW : *(fingering the box.)* Yes, sir.

CLERK : And did you thereupon take possession of it, and charge the female prisoner with theft of the box from 6, Rockingham Gate ? And did she deny the same ?

SNOW : Yes, sir.

CLERK : Did you take her into custody ?

SNOW : Yes, sir.

MAGISTRATE : What was her behaviour ?

SNOW : Perfectly quiet, your Worship. She persisted in the denial. That's all.

MAGISTRATE : Do you know her ?

SNOW : No, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : Is she known here ?

BALD CONSTABLE : No, your Worship, they're neither of them known, we've nothing against them at all.

CLERK : *(to Mrs. Jones.)* Have you anything to ask the officer ?

MRS. JONES : No, sir, thank you, I've nothing to ask him.

MAGISTRATE : Very well then – go on.

CLERK : *(reading from his papers.)* And while you were taking the female prisoner did the male prisoner interpose, and endeavour to hinder you in the execution of your duty, and did he strike you a blow?

SNOW : Yes, sir.

CLERK : And did he say, 'You let her go, I took the box myself' ?

SNOW : He did.

CLERK : And did you blow your whistle and obtain the assistance of another constable, and take him into custody ?

SNOW : I did.

CLERK : Was he violent on the way to the station, and did he use bad language, and did he several times repeat that he had taken the box himself ? *(snow nods.)* Did you thereupon ask him in what manner he had stolen the box? And did you understand him to say that he had entered the house at the invitation of young Mr. Barthwick *(Barthwick, turning in his seat, frowns at Roper.)* after midnight on Easter Monday and partaken of whisky, and that under the influence of the whisky he had taken the box ?

SNOW : I did, sir.

CLERK : And was his demeanour throughout very violent ?

SNOW : It was very violent.

JONES : *(breaking in.)* Violent – of course it was. You put your 'ands on my wife when I kept tellin ' you I took the thing myself.

MAGISTRATE : *(Hissing with protruded neck.)* Now – you will have your chance of saying what you want to say presently. Have you anything to ask the officer ?

JONES : *(sullenly.)* No.

MAGISTRATE : Very well then. Now let us hear what the female prisoner has to say first.

MRS. JONES: Well, your Worship, of course I can only say what I've said all along, that I didn't take the box.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, but did you know that it was taken ?

MRS. JONES : No, your Worship, And, of course, as to what my husband says, your Worship, I can't speak of my own knowledge. Of course, I know that he came home very late on the Monday night. It was past one o'clock when he came in, and he was not himself at all.

MAGISTRATE : Had he been drinking ?

MRS. JONES : Yes, your Worship.

MAGISTRATE : And was he drunk ?

MRS. JONES : Yes, your Worship, he was almost quite drunk.

MAGISTRATE : And did he say anything to you ?

MRS. JONES : No, your Worship, only to call me names. And of course in the morning when I got up and went to work he was asleep. And I don't know anything more about it until I came home again. Except that Mr. Barthwick – that's my employer, your Worship – told me the box was missing.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes.

MRS. JONES : But of course when I was shaking out my husband's coat the cigarette-box fell out and all the cigarettes were scattered on the bed.

MAGISTRATE : You say all the cigarettes were scattered on the bed? *(To Snow.)* Did you see the cigarettes scattered on the bed ?

SNOW : No, your Worship, I did not.

MAGISTRATE : You see he says he didn't see them.

JONES : Well, they were there for all that.

SNOW : I can't say, your Worship, that I had the opportunity of going round the room; I had all my work cut out with the male prisoner.

MAGISTRATE : *(To Mrs. Jones.)* Well, what more have you to say ?

MRS. JONES : Of course when I saw the box, your Worship, I was dreadfully upset, and I couldn't think why he had done such a thing; when the officer came we were having words about it, because it is ruin to me, your Worship, in my profession, and I have three little children dependent on me.

MAGISTRATE : *(protruding his neck.)* Yes – yes – but what did he say to you ?

MRS. JONES: I asked him whatever came over him to do such a thing – and he said it was the drink. He said that he had too much to drink, and something came over him. And of course, your Worship, he had very little to eat all day, and the drink does go to the head when you have not had enough to eat. Your Worship may not know, but it is the truth. And I would like to say that all through his married life I have never known him to do such a thing before, though we have passed through great hardships, and *(speaking with soft emphasis)* I am quite sure he would not have done it if he had been himself at the time.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes. But don't you know that that is no excuse?

MRS. JONES : Yes, your Worship. I know that it is no excuse.
(The Magistrate leans over and parleys with his Clerk.)

JACK : *(Leaning over from his seat behind.)* I say, Dad –

BARTHWICK : Tsst ! *(Sheltering his mouth. he speaks to Roper.)* Roper, you had better get up now and say that considering the circumstance and the poverty of the prisoners, we have no wish to proceed any further, and if the magistrate would deal with the case as one of disorder only on the part of –

BALD CONSTABLE : Hsshh ! *(Roper shakes his head.)*

MAGISTRATE : Now, supposing what you say and what your husband says is true, what I have to consider is – how did he obtain access to this house, and were you in any way a party to his obtaining access? You are the charwoman employed at the house ?

MRS. JONES : Yes, your Worship, and of course if I had let him into the house it would have been very wrong of me; and I have never done such a thing in any of the houses where I have been employed.

MAGISTRATE : Well – so you say. Now let us hear what story the male prisoner makes of it.

JONES : *(who leans with his arms on the dock behind, speaks in a slow, sullen voice.)* Wot I say is wot my wife says I've never been 'ad up in a police court before an' I can prove I took it when in liquor. I told her, an' she can tell you the same, that I was goin' to throw the thing into the water sooner that 'av it on my mind.

MAGISTRATE : But how did you get into the house ?

JONES : I was passin' I was going 'ome from the 'Goat and bells'.

MAGISTRATE : The 'Goat and Bells'– what is that ? A public house?

JONES : Yes, at the corner. It was Bank 'oliday, an' I'd a drop to drink. I see this young Mr. Barthwick tryin' to find the keyhole on the wrong side of the door.

MAGISTRATE : Well ?

JONES : *(slowly and with many pauses.)* Well – I 'elped 'im to find it – drunk as a lord 'e was. He goes on, an' comes back again, and says, I've got nothin' for you, 'e says, but come in an' 'ave a drink. So I went in just as you might 'ave done yourself. We 'ad a drink o' whisky just as you might have 'ad, 'nd young Mr. Barthwick says to me, 'Take a drink 'nd a smoke. Take anything you like,' 'e says. And then he went to sleep on the sofa. I 'ad some more whisky - an' I can't tell you what 'appened after that.

MAGISTRATE : Do you mean to say you were so drunk that you can remember nothing ?

JACK: *(softly to his father.)* I say, that's exactly what –

BARTHWICK : Tssh !

JONES : That's what I do mean.

MAGISTRATE : And yet you say you stole the box ?

JONES : I never stole the box. I took it.

MAGISTRATE : *(hissing, with protruded neck.)* You did not steal it – you took it. Did it belong to you – what is that but stealing ?

JONES : I took it.

MAGISTRATE : You took it – you took it away from their house and you took it to your house –

JONES : *(sullenly breaking in.)* I ain't got a house.

MAGISTRATE : Very well, let us hear what this young man Mr. – Mr. Barthwick – has to say to your story.

(Snow leaves the witness–box. The bald Constable beckons. Jack, who, clutching his hat, goes into the witness-box. Roper moves to the table to set apart for his profession.)

SWEARING CLERK : The evidence you give to the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. Kiss the book. *(The book is kissed.)*

ROPER : *(examining.)* What is your name ?

JACK : *(in a low voice.)* John Barthwick, Junior. *(The Clerk writes it down.)*

ROPER : Where do you live ?

JACK : At 6, Rockingham Gate. *(All his answers are recorded by the Clerk.)*

ROPER : You are the son of the owner ?

JACK : *(In a very low voice.)* Yes.

ROPER : Speak up, please. Do you know the prisoners ?

JACK : *(looking at the Joneses, in a low voice.)* I've seen Mrs. Jones. I– *(in a loud voice.)* don't know the man.

JONES : Well, I know you !

BALD CONSTABLE : Hssh !

ROPER : Now, did you come in late on the night of Easter Monday ?

JACK : Yes.

ROPER : And did you by mistake leave your latchkey in the door ?

JACK : Yes.

MAGISTRATE : Oh ! You left your latchkey in the door ?

ROPER : And is that all you can remember about your coming in ?

JACK : *(in a loud voice.)* Yes, it is.

MAGISTRATE : Now, you have heard the male prisoner's story, what do you say to that ?

JACK : *(turning to the Magistrate, speaks suddenly in a confident, straightforward voice.)* The fact of the matter is, sir, that I'd been out to the theatre that night, and had supper afterwards, and I came in late.

MAGISTRATE : Do you remember this man being outside when you came in ?

JACK : No, sir. *(He hesitates,)* I don't think I do.

MAGISTRATE : *(somewhat puzzled.)* Well, did he help you to open the door, as he says ? Did anyone help you to open the door ?

JACK : No, sir – I don't think so, sir – I don't know.

MAGISTRATE : You don't know ? But you must know. It isn't a usual thing for you to have the door opened for you, is it ?

JACK : *(with a shameful smile.)* No.

MAGISTRATE : Very well, then –

JACK : *(desperately.)* The fact of the matter is, sir. I'm afraid I'd had too much champagne that night.

MAGISTRATE : *(smilling.)* Oh ! You'd had too much champagne ?

JONES : May I ask the gentleman a question ?

MAGISTRATE : Yes – yes – you may ask him what questions you like.

JONES : Don't you remember you said you was a[5]Liberal, same as your father, and you asked me wot I was ?

JACK : *(with his hand against his brow)* I seem to remember –

JONES : And I said to you. 'I'm a bloomin' '[6]Conservative,' I said; an you said to me, 'You look more like one of these 'ere [7]Socialists. Take wotever you like,' you said.

JACK : *(with sudden resolution.)* No, I don't. I don't remember anythging of the sort.

JONES : Well, I do, an'my word's as good as yours. I've never been had up in a police court before. Look 'ere, don't you remember, you had a sky-blue bag in your 'and – *(Barthwick jumps.)*

ROPER : I submit to your Worship that these questions are hardly to the point, the prisoner having admitted that he himself does not remember anything. *(There is a smile on the face of Justice.)*
It is a case of the blind leading the blind.

JONES : *(Violently.)* I've done no more than wot he ' as. I'm a poor man. I've got no money an' no friends – he's a toff - he can do wot I can't.

MAGISTRATE : Now, now ! All this won't help you – you must be quiet. You say you took this box ? Now, what made you take it ? Were you pressed for money ?

JONES : I'm always pressed for money.

MAGISTRATE : Was that the reason you took it ?

JONES : No.

MAGISTRATE : *(to Snow.)* Was anything found on him ?

SNOW : Yes, your Worship. There was six pounds twelve shillin's found on him, and this purse.

(The red silk purse is handed to the Magistrate. Barthwick rises in his seat, but hastily sits down again.)

MAGISTRATE : *(staring at the purse.)* Yes, yes - let me see – *(There is silence.)* No, no, I've nothing before me as to the purse. How did you come by all that money ?

JONES : *(after a long pause, suddenly.)* I decline to say.

MAGISTRATE : But if you had all that money, what made you take this box?

JONES : I took it out of spite.

MAGISTRATE : *(hissing, with protruded neck.)* You took it out of spite ? Well now, that's something ! But do you imagine you can go about the town taking things out of spite ?

JONES : If you had my life, if you'd been out of work.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes; I know – because you're out of work you think it's an excuse for everything.

JONES : *(pointing at Jack.)* You ask 'im wot made 'im take the-

ROPER : *(quietly.)* Does your Worship require this witness in the box any longer ?

MAGISTRATE : *(ironically.)* I think not; he is hardly profitable.

(jack leaves the witness –box, and, hanging his head, resumes his seat.)

JONES : You ask 'im wot made 'im take the lady's – *(But the bald Constable catches him by the sleeve.)*

BALD CONSTABLE : Sssh !

MAGISTRATE : *(emphatically.)* Now listen to me. I've nothing to do with what he may or may not have taken. Why did you resist the police in the execution of their duty ?

JONES : It wasn't their duty to take my wife, a respectable woman, that 'adn't done nothing.

MAGISTRATE : But I say it was. What made you strike the officer a blow ?

JONES : Any man would struck 'im a blow. I'd strike 'im again, I would.

MAGISTRATE : You are not making your case any better by violence. How do you suppose we could get on if everybody behaved like you ?

JONES : *(leaning forward, earnestly.)* Well, wot about 'er· who's to make up to 'er for this ? Who's to give 'er back 'er good name ?

MRS. JONES : Your Worship, it's the children that's preying on his mind, because of course I've lost my work. And I've had to find another room owing to the scandal.

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes, I know – but if he hadn't acted like this nobody would have suffered.

JONES : *(glaring round at Jack.)* I've done no worse than wot 'e 'as. Wot I want to know is wot's goin' to be done to 'im

(The bald Constable again says 'Hssh!')

ROPER : Mr. Barthwick wishes it known, your Worship, that considering the poverty of the prisoners he does not press the charge as to the box. Perhaps your Worship would deal with the case as one of disorder.

JONES : I don't want it smothered up, I want it all dealt with fair – I want my rights –

MAGISTRATE : *(rapping his desk.)* Now you have said all you have to say, and you will be quiet. *(There is a silence; the Magistrate bends over and parleys with his Clerk.)* Yes, I think I may discharge the woman. *(In a kindly voice he addresses Mrs. Jones, who stands unmoving with her hands crossed on the rail.)* It is very unfortunate for you that this man has behaved as he has. It is not the consequences to him but the consequences to you. You have been brought here twice, you have lost your work – *(He glares at Jones.)* and this is what always happens. Now you may go away, and I am very sorry it was necessary to bring you here at all.

MRS. JONES : *(softly.)* Thank you very much, your Worship. *(She leaves the dock, and looking back at Jones, twists her fingers and is still.)*

MAGISTRATE : Yes, yes, but I can't pass it over. Go away, there's a good woman. *(Mrs. Jones stands back. The Magistrate leans his head on his hand; then raising it, he speaks to Jones.)* Now, listen to me, Do you wish the case to be settled here, or do you wish it to go before a Jury.

JONES : *(muttering.)* I don't want no Jury.

MAGISTRATE : Very well then, I will deal with it here. *(After a pause.)* You have pleaded guilty to stealing this box –

JONES : Not to stealin'–

BALD CONSTABLE : Husshh.

MAGISTRATE : And to assaulting the police –

JONES : Any man as was a man –

MAGISTRATE : Your conduct here has been most improper. You give the excuse that you were drunk when you stole the box. I tell you that is no excuse. If you choose to get drunk and break the law afterwards you must take the consequences. And let me tell you that men like you, who get drunk and give way to your spite or whatever it is that's in you, are – are – *a nuisance to the community.*

JACK : *(leaning from his seat.)* Dad, that's what you said to me!

BARTHWICK : Tsst.

(There is a silence, while the Magistrate consults his Clerk; Jones leans forward waiting.)

MAGISTRATE : This is your first offence, and I am going to give you a light sentence. *(Speaking sharply, but without expression.)* One month with hard labour. *(He bends, and parleys with his Clerk. The bald Constable and another help Jones from the dock.)*

JONES : *(Stopping and twisting round.)* Call this justice ? What about 'im ? 'E got drunk! 'E took the purse – 'e took the purse but *(in a muffled shout.)* it's *'is money got 'im off – Justice !*

(The prisoner's door is shut on Jones, and from the seedy–looking men and women comes a hoarse and whispering groan.)

MAGISTRATE : We will now adjourn for lunch ! *(He rises from his seat.)*

(The Court is in a stir. Roper gets up and speaks to the reporter. Jack, throwing up his head, walks with a swagger to the corridor; Barthwick follows.)

MRS. JONES : *(turning to him with humble gesture.)* Oh ! Sir ! –

(Barthwick hesitates, then yielding to his nerves, he makes a shame-faced gesture of refusal and hurries out of Court. Mrs. Jones stands looking after him.)

Notes:

1. Relieving Officer: local government officer charged with the duty of relieving distress among the poor.
2. seedy – looking: of shabby and unhealthy appearance.

3. Usher: court official, one of whose duties is to summon witnesses to the witness – box.

4. recognizance : pledge to a court of law to observe certain conditions laid down by that court. When Mrs. Jones was released on her own recognizances, she must have been released through satisfying the court that she would fulfil her promise to appear and stand trial at the time and place appointed.

5. Liberal: member or supporter of the Liberal Party, one of the two chief parties in Britain when this play was written.

6. Conservative: member or supporter of the Conservative Party.

7. Socialist: member or supporter of the Labour Party; believer in the principles of Socialism.

Answer these questions:

1. What purpose, in your opinion, is served by beginning this act of the play with the case of the Livens girls, which has nothing to do with the main story ?
2. Why are Mr. Barthwick and his son so anxious that as little as possible should be said in court about the purse and the money that Jones had in his possession ?
3. What function is Mr. Roper discharging in the Magistrate's court ?
4. What facts does Marlowe's evidence establish ?
5. From the Constable's evidence we learn that Mrs. Jones was the first to be charged with the theft. Why was this so ?
6. What led the Constable to arrest and charge Jones as well ?
7. Briefly give the probable reasons for the Magistrate's decision to discharge Mrs. Jones.
8. Briefly discuss whether the Magistrate gives Jones a fair trial.
9. Assuming that Jones has received a fair trial, why does this act of the play leave us with a feeling that injustice has been done?
10. What do you imagine to be the unspoken plea that Mrs. Jones makes to Mr. Barthwick at the very end ?

Composition:

Write an essay of between 350 and 400 words on one of the following subjects:

1. A character study of the Magistrate in *The Silver Box.*
2. The characters of Mr. and Mrs. Jones as revealed in Act III of *The Silver Box.*
3. The effectiveness in drama of trial scenes.

PRECIS

Summarise the following passage in not more than 115 words:

Most young people enjoy some form of physical activity. It may be walking, cycling or swimming, or, in winter, skating or sking. It may be a game of some kind– football, hockey, golf, or tennis. It may be mountaineering.

Those who have a passion for climbing high and difficult mountains are often looked upon with astonishment. Why are men and women willing to suffer cold and hardship, and to take risk on mountains ? This astonishment is caused, probably, by the difference between mountaineering and other forms of activity to which men give their leisure.

Mountaineering is a sport and not a game. There are no man-made rules, as there are for such games as golf and football. There are, of course, rules of a different kind which it would be dangerous to ignore, but it is this freedom from man-made rules that makes mountaineering attractive to many people. Those who climb mountains are free to use their own methods.

If we compare mountaineering and other more familiar sports. we might think that one big difference is that mountaineering is not a 'team game'. We should be mistaken in this. There are, it is true, no 'matches' between 'teams' of climbers, but when climbers are on a rock face, linked by a rope on which their lives may depend, there is obviously teamwork.

The mountain climber knows that he may have to fight forces that are stronger and more powerful than man. He has to fight the forces of nature. His sport requires high mental and physical qualities.

A mountain climber continues to improve in skill year after year. A skier is probably past his best by the age of thirty, and most international tennis champions are in their early twenties. But it is not unusual for men of fifty or sixty to climb the highest mountains in the Alps. They may take more time than younger men, but they probably climb with more skill and less waste of effort, and they certainly experience equal enjoyment.

Although the subject-matter of this passage is probably unfamiliar to you, you ought to find it easy to summarize. It is possible to summarize each paragraph in a single sentence. In fact the first two paragraphs may be put very easily into one sentence.

Mountaineering, despite its dangers and hardships, is one of the physical activities which attract young people.

The next sentence may answer the question raised in the second paragraph of the original and begin, *it attracts because* and the reason to give is its freedom from man made rules. Continue the precis by making each point in each paragraph in a single succinct sentence. Do *not* preserve the paragraph divisions but write your precis as one paragraph.

FOR STUDY

FURNITURE: LUGGAGE (BAGGAGE): ADVICE : NEWS

It is most important to remember that these nouns can never be put into the plural and that they are not used with *a* or *an*. If a single item of furnitures, luggage, advice, or news is to be mentioned, it is normally called *a piece of furniture, a piece of luggage, a piece of advice, a piece of news.* Several items are termed *pieces of furniture, pieces of luggage, pieces of advice and pieces of news. News* is, of course, singular.

We are going to buy some new furniture for this room.
There are some rather good pieces of furniture in the new shop by the post office.
Your luggage has all been put in the compartment.
This piece of luggage isn't mine.
How much baggage have you brought?
How many pieces of baggage are there in the van ?
It is no use giving him advice. He never listens to it.
His father said, 'Let me give you a piece of advice.
'Never make a promise unless you are certain that you can keep it.
'What is the news in this morning's paper ?
This is a piece of news that should interest you.

MACHINERY: MACHINE: SCENERY: SCENE

Machinery and *scenery* are two more nouns which are normally not put into the plural or used with *a*. An item of machinery is a *machine*. A view of a stretch of scenery may be called a *scene*, though the word also applies to urban and indoor sights.

All the machinery in this factory is modern.
We have replaced all the old machines with new ones.
The scenery in Swat is beautiful.
The mountains at sunset made a beautiful scene.

FRUIT: FRUITS

Fruit is most commonly used as a collective singular noun.

The fruit in that shop is always fresh and clean.
Do you eat much fruit?
Fruit is expensive at this time of the year.

A fruit usually means a kind of fruit and fruits usually means *kinds of fruits.*

The pineapple is a delicious fruit.
The Quetta region is famous for its various fruits.

NICE : FINE

Nice in colloquial English is applied as a rather vague term of approval to all kinds of things. On a fine day people may say, 'We're having nice weather'. An English lady may tell another that she's wearing 'a nice hat'. A child with good manners may be termed 'a nice child'. A tasty meal may be praised as 'a nice meal'. An immensely long list of such phrases could be compiled but it must be remembered that they nearly all would belong to conversation or completely informal writing (such as letters to relations and close friends). This word, so frequent in speech, is rarely seen in the printed word, except in dialogues.

Unless he is reproducing conversation, a writer with any claim to formality and exactness is unlikely to use the word very often, and never in any of the conversational phrases of the type we have exemplified. In serious writing, *nice* may properly be used to show that a sensitive feeling for accuracy is required in some mental or physical operation.

The judges in this case were called upon to settle a nice point of law.
The workers who operate these instruments must have a very nice sense of touch.
He failed to understand this poem because he failed to appreciate the nice shades of meaning with which the poet employed certain words and phrases.

Fine is also a much used word of approval in informal speech and writing. It is more warmly approving than *nice*. It is far more acceptable in more formal writing. The following sentences do not look at all out of place in print.

Napier was a fine historian.
It will be a tragedy if uncontrolled hunting leads to the complete extermination of this fine animal.

The students enjoyed hearing him read this fine piece of prose.

When used to express admiration in such examples as those given above, *fine* does not describe any specific quality. However, the word may be used to describe specific qualities and when it does so it ceases to carry any sense of admiration.

1. Very small or thin.
   Use a hard pencil and sharpen it to a fine point.
   She was sewing with a very fine thread.

   A very fine hole may act as a lens, as is demonstrated in a pin-hole camera.

2. Made up of very small particles.
   The wind blew the fine sand into our tents.

3. Closely woven or thin in texture.
   The paper was too fine and the ink showed through on the reverse side of the page.
   Much finer fabrics can be made of silk than of cotton.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. It must have cost them a lot of money to buy such a lot of new furniture.
2. These pieces of furniture are very badly made.
3. How much does your luggage weigh ?
4. Count your pieces of luggage before the porter takes them away.
5. What advice would you give to a boy of sixteen who wanted to become an engineer ?
6. This piece of advice proved to be useful.
7. What is the latest news of his health ?
8. I have a piece of news to tell you in confidence.
9. All this machinery has been made in Pakistan.
10. One of the machines broke down yesterday.
11. You will enjoy the scenery if you go to Nathia Gali.
12. When I look at a scene like this, I wish I could paint.
13. There are five scenes in the first act of the play.
14. The doctor advised me to eat more fruit.
15. What fruits grow best in this climate ?
16. What a nice gift! she exclaimed when she opened the parcel.

17. He had to write the letter too quickly to make a nice choice of words.
18. The boys had a fine teacher who inspired them with his own love of reading.
19. Although a silk thread is fine, it is very strong.
20. The fine print of this book will be bad for the children's eyesight.

READING – TEXT SIX

THE WORLD AS I SEE IT

Albert Einstein

Einstein (1879 – 1955) is generally regarded as the greatest mathematical physicist of this century and, indeed, one of the greatest scientists of all time. His Theory of Relativity has transformed scientists' notions of time and space. Belief in the practicability of the atomic bomb was produced very largely by his famous equation stating that energy was related to mass. Born in Germany of Jewish parents, he went to Switzerland in his early youth. For some times he taught mathematical physics at Zurich and acquired Swiss citizenship but in 1941, having settled in the United States, he became an American citizen. His contribution to modern science is monumental and his work is all the more remarkable in that it rested very little on elaborate laboratory experiments but was based very largely on pure reasoning and mathematics. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921. His writings for the layman are few but they include an introduction to the general theory of relativity which demonstrates, like the essay below, that he had an admirable talent for straight forward expositions.

What an extraordinary situation is that of us mortals! Each of us is here for a brief sojourn; for what purpose he knows not, though he sometimes thinks he feels it. But from the point of view of daily life, without going deeper, we exist for our fellow-men – in the first place for those on whose smiles and welfare all our happiness depends, and next for all those unknown to us personally with whose destinies we are bound up by the tie of sympathy. A hundred times everyday I remind myself that my inner and outer life depend on the labours of other men, living and dead, and that I must exert myself in order to give in the same measure as I have received and am still receiving. I am strongly drawn to the simple life and am often oppressed by the feeling that I am engrossing an unnecessry amount of the labour of my fellow-men. I regard class differences as contrary to justice and in the last resort, based on force. I also consider that plain living is good for everybody, physically and mentally.

In human freedom in the philosophical sense I am definitely a disbeliever. Everybody acts not only under external comopulsion but also in accordance with inner necessity.[1]Schopenhauer's saying that 'a man can do as he will, but not will as he will' has been an inspiration to me since my youth, and a continual consolation and unfailing well–spring of patience in the face of the hardships of life, my own and others. This feeling mercifully mitigates the sense of responsibility which so easily becomes paralysing, it prevents us from taking ourselves and other people too seriously; it conduces to a view of life in which humour, above all, has its due place.

To inquire after the meaning or object of one's own existence or of creation generally, has always seemed to me absurd from an objective point of view. And yet everybody has certain ideals which determine the direction of his endeavours and his judgments. In this sense, I have never looked upon ease and happiness as ends in themselves – such an [2]ethical basis I call more proper for a herd of swine. The ideals which have lighted me on my way and time after time given me new courage to face life cheerfully, have been Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. Without the sense of fellowship with men of like mind, of preoccupation with the objective, the eternally unattainable in the field of art and scientific research, life would have seemed to me empty. The ordinary objects of human endeavour – property, outward success, luxury – have always seemed to me contemptible.

My passionate sense of social justice and social responsibility has always contrasted oddly with my pronounced freedom from the need for direct contact with other human beings and human communities. I [3]gang my own gait and have never belonged to my country, my home, my friends, or even my immediate family, with my whole heart; in the face of all these ties I have never lost an obstinate sense of detachment, of the need for solitude – a feeling which increases with the years. One is sharply conscious, yet without regret, of the limits to the possibility of mutual understanding and sympathy with one's fellow-creatures. Such a person no doubt loses something in the way of geniality and light-heartedness; on the other hand, he is largely independent of the opinions, habits, and judgments of his fellows and avoids the temptation to take his stand on such insecure foundations.

My political ideal is that of democracy. Let every man be respected as an individual and no man idolized. It is an irony of fate that I myself have been the recipient of excessive admiration and respect from my fellows through no fault, and no merit, of my own. The cause of this may well be the desire, unattainable for many, to understand the one or two ideas to which I have with my feeble powers attained through ceaseless struggle. I am quite aware that it is necessary for the success of any complex undertaking that one man should do the thinking and directing and in general bear the responsibility. But they must not be compelled, they must be able to choose their leader. An [4]autocratic system of coercion, in my opinion, soon degenerates. For force always attracts men of low morality, and I believed it to be an invariable rule that tyrants of genius are succeeded by scoundrels. For this reason, I have always been passionately opposed to systems such as we see [5]in Italy and Russia today. The thing that has brought discredit upon the prevailing form of democracy in Europe today, is not to be laid to the door of the democratic idea as such, but to lack of stability on the part of the heads of governments and to the impersonal character of the electoral system. I believe that in this respect the United States of America have found the right way. They have a responsible President who is elected for a sufficiently long period and has sufficient powers to be really responsible. On the other hand, what I value in our political system is the more extensive provision that it makes for the individual in case of illness or need. The really valuable thing in the pageant of human life seems to me not the State but the creative, sentient individual, the personality; it alone creates the noble and the sublime, while the herd as such remains dull in thought and dull in feeling.

War seems to me a mean, contemptible thing; I would rather be hacked in pieces than take part in such an abominable business. And yet so high in spite of everything, is my opinion of the human race that I believe this [6]bogey would have disappeared long ago, had the sound sense of the nations not been systematically corrupted by commercial and political interests acting through the schools and the Press.

The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science. He who knows it not and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead, a snuffed-out candle. It was the experience of mystery that engendered religion. A knowledge of the existence of something we cannot penetrate, of the manifestations of the profoundest reason and the most radiant beauty, which are only accessible to our reason in their most elementary forms – it is this knowledge and this emotion that constitute the truly religious attitude; in this sense, and in this alone, I am a deeply religious man. Enough for me the mystery of the eternity of life, and the inkling of the marvellous structure of reality, together with the single – hearted endeavour to comprehend a portion, be it ever so tiny, of the reason that manifests itself in nature.

Notes:

1. *Schopenhauer :* (1788 – 1860), German philosoper with a deeply pessimistic attitude towards human destiny in this universe.
2. *ethical :* pertaining to morals and principles of right and wrong.
3. *gang one's own gait :* (Scottish dialect) go one's own way.
4. *autocratic:* dominated by the power and authority of a single ruler.
5. *in Italy . . . today :* These lines were written when Italy was under the regime of Mussolini and his Fascist Party.
6. *bogey :* fearful thing.

Answer these questions:

1. What leads Einstein to feel a strong sense of duty towards his fellow-men?
2. What is his attitude to property, outward success and luxury ?

3. What are the 'insecure foundations' referred to at the end of the last sentence of the fourth paragraph ?
4. What, in brief, is Einstein's attitude to leadership ?
5. On what grounds does Einstein put the individual before the State ?
6. What example does he give of service by the State to the individual ?
7. What is his attitude to war ?
8. What forces does he blame for the persistence of war ?
9. What does he appear to regard as the most precious element in human experience ?
10. What is his belief concerning the immortality of the soul ?

Composition :

Write an essay of between 350 and 400 words on *one* of the following subjects.

1. A Muslim's reactions to Einstein's statements of his personal beliefs.
2. 'Plain living is good for everybody, mentally and physically'.
3. The personality of Einstein as revealed in *The World As I see It.*

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in not more than 75 words:

There is a public library in every town in Great Britain. There are branch libraries in most villages. Anyone may become a member and it costs nothing to borrow books. Three books may be borrowed at a time, but only two may be novels. If there are four persons in the family, they can, between them, take home twelve books. These books can be kept for a fortnight, so there is no difficulty in providing the family with all the reading that is needed. If, at the end of the fortnight, you have not finished reading a book you may renew it for another fortnight. If the book you want is out, you may ask for it to be kept for you, and if you pay the cost of a postcard, the librarian will let you know when the book has been returned and is ready for you.

Most public libraries also have a reading room and a reference library. In the reading room there are tables and desks at which you can sit and read the daily papers and all the other important periodicals (the weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies). In the reference library there are encyclopaedias, dictionaries, atlases and numerous other books. These may not be taken away.

This is another passage which is easy to understand but a little difficult to summarize because it presents a good deal of information. The sentence beginning, *If there are four persons...* can obviously be left out altogether, because what it says is clearly implied in the preceding sentence. The two sentences which follow may be shortened very considerably (merely make the points that a book may be kept for a fortnight and renewed for another fortnight.) There will be no need to list the different kinds of periodicals and reference books.

However, a certain amount of ingenuity in rephrasing may be necessary to condense the passage to 75 words while retaining all the really important points. Be alert to chances of saving a word here and there. *Britain* may be written instead of Great Britain and a word or two may be saved by combining the first two sentences into one.

If you find you cannot bring the length of your precis down to 75 words in any other way, you may assume that your reader will know what reading rooms and reference libraries are like, and cut out the description of them altogether, merely, making the point that most public libraries have them.

This impersonal *you* of the passage may be retained. Equally concise is the more formal *one.*

FOR STUDY

HAVE

1. Indicating various types of possession and the existence of relatives and acquaintances.

Have you a match? (Have you got a match?) is more colloquial. Neither question is used in American English, in which one would say, *'Do you have a match ?'*

He has blue eyes.
A rectangle has four sides.
He had many enemies.
Their house has only a small garden.
The petrol tank had water in it.
Some of the guests haven't any chairs.
He has an excellent memory.
I have two brothers and one sister.
In a leap year February has twenty-nine days.
He has a scar on his cheek.

2. Carry out certain activities. (Note that no article is used before the names of meals unless they are qualified. Compare *He had breakfast at eight. He had a large breakfast.* Also note that it is not usual in modern English to use the word *take* in phrases of this kind.)

At what time do you usually have lunch?
He had a rest after lunch.
Let's have a walk before it gets dark.
Did you have a swim when you went to the beach?
He had a bath before he dressed.
They had dinner on the aeroplane.
We had an excellent dinner on the train.
We shall have a holiday in the hills next summer.

3. Eat or drink.
He always has a glass of milk before going to bed.
What did you have for lunch?
I had a couple of biscuits with my coffee.

4. Receive. Be given. Take.
All the winners had prizes.
Have the boys had their new books?
May I have this chair?

5. Suffer from.
I have a headache.
She often has headaches.
He stayed in bed because he had a cold.
He had a pain in his knee.

6. Experience. Enjoy. Endure.
We had a great deal of fun on the picnic.
They had very poor weather during their holiday.
He has had nothing but trouble since he changed his job.
I don't think you will have any dificulty in finding our house.

7. Get something done.
Have is less collaquial and less vigorous than *get* would be.
We must have this gate repaired.
When did you last have your eyes tested?
You ought to have yourself examined by a doctor.

8. Be faced with something that needs to be done.
The doctor had a lot of patients to examine.
Our teacher has many books to correct.
He is staying at home because he has many letters to write.

9. Be compelled to do something.
I shall have to go and see the doctor if I don't get better.
Candidates have to answer six questions.

Mr. Qadir had to make an unexpected journey to Lahore.

10. There are various regular combinations of have with nouns, which. do not fall exactly into any of the above categories.
He had a job in a bank but lost it.
Have you ever had the chance (the opportunity) of attending our debates?
We have some guests staying with us at the moment.
I'm afraid I hadn't time to answer your letter.
Has he any reason to dislike you?
He suddenly had a bright idea.
I had no idea why he came to see me.
I had a feeling that he was unwilling to help us.
That boy has plenty of impudence.
He had the impudence to tell me that he didn't care what I said.
You must have the courage to do what you believe to be right.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. The college has extensive playing fields.
2. We were sorry to leave Lahore because we had many friends there.
3. When will you have lunch ?
4. I think the children ought to have a sleep this afternoon.
5. I was having a cup of tea when he knocked on the door.
6. Have you had any letters by this morning's post ?
7. He had a pain in his back.
8. We have just had a great disappointment.
9. The librarian is going to have all these book–cases replaced.
10. The students had an essay to write.
11. I shall have to get up early tommorrow morning.
12. Did you have to take a taxi when you came here ?
13. He has had to buy a new set of tyres for his car.
14. He would like to have a job in the same office as his brother.
15. I had no chance to meet him when he made his brief visit to our college.
16. Will you have time to pay us a visit next week ?
17. What reasons have you for distrusting him ?
18. He had a peculiar feeling that he was being watched.
19. These mountain people have great powers of endurance.
20. He was so ill that he scarcely had enough strength to walk across the room.

READING – TEXT SEVEN

THE DEVOTED FRIEND

Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde (1854 - 1900) was one of the most elegant writers of the late Nineteenth Century. He was one of the foremost exponents of the doctrine of 'art for art's sake', arguing that aesthetic considerations should be given first place in literature. He was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity college, Dublin, and Oxford. Early in his carrer he published poems and some delightful stories for children. He became dazzlingly famous with his novel, The picture of *Dorian Gray*, and his plays. *An Ideal husband, Lady Windermer's Fan* and *The Importance of being Earnest*, the last being one of the most brilliant light comedies in English drama. At the height of the success he was ruined by bringing a libel charge against the Marquis of Queensbury, the failure of which led to criminal charges against himself and a sentence of imprisonment for two years.

For all Wilde's pose of being preoccupied with style and disclaiming any desire to make a moral commentary on life. *The Devoted Friend* is something more than an exquisitely told little fairy-tale. It is both tender and profound in its treatment of the comically one-sided friendship between poor Hans and the wealthy Miller.

One morning the old Water-rat put his head out of his hole. He had bright beady eyes and stiff grey whiskers, and his tail was like a long bit of black India rubber. The little ducks were swimming about in the pond, looking just like a lot of yellow canaries, and their mother, who was pure white with real red legs, was trying to teach them how to stand on their heads in the water.

'You will never be in the best society unless you can stand on your heads,' she kept saying to them; and every now and then she showed them how it was done. But the little ducks paid no attention to her. They were so young that they did not know what an advantage it is to be in society at all.

'What disobedient children !' cried the old Wter-rat: 'they really deserve to be drowned."

'Nothing of the kind,' answered the Duck, 'every one must make a beginning, and parents cannot be too patient.'

'Ah ! I know nothing about the feelings of parents,' said the Water-rat; 'I am not a family man. In fact, I have never been married, and I never intend to be. Love is all very well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, I know of nothing in the world that is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship.'

'And what, pray, is your idea of the duties of a devoted friend?' asked a green Linnet, who was sitting on a willow-tree hard by, and had overheard the conversation.

'Yes, that is just what I want to know, ' said the Duck; and she swam away to the end of the pond, and stood upon her head in order to give her children a good example.

'What a silly question !' cried the Water-rat. 'I should expect my devoted friend to be devoted to me, of course.'

'And what would you do in return ?' said the little bird swinging upon a silver spray, and flapping his tiny wings.

'I don't understand you,' answered the Water-rat.

'Let me tell you a story on the subject,' said the Linnet.

'Is the story about me ?' asked the Water-rat. 'If so, I will listen to it, for I am extremely fond of fiction,'

'It is applicable to you,' answered the Linnet; and he flew down, and alighting upon the bank, he told the story of The Devoted friend.

'Once upon a time,' said the Linnet, 'there was an honest little fellow named Hans.

'Was he very distinguished ?' asked the Water-rat.

'No,' answered the Linnet, 'I don't think he was distinguished at all, except for his kind heart, and his funny' round, good-humoured face. He lived in a tiny cottage all by himself, and every day he worked in his garden. In all the country-side there was no garden so lovely as his. [1]Sweet-Williams grew there, and Gilly-flowers, and Shepherds'-purses, and Fairmaids of France. There were damask Roses, and yellow Roses, lilac Crocuses and gold, purple Violets and white Columbine and Ladysmock, Marjoram and Wild Basil, the Cowslip and the Flower-de-luce, the Daffodil and the Clove-Pink bloomed or blossomed in their proper order as the months went by, one flower taking another flower's place, so that there were always beautiful things to look at, and pleasant odour to smell.

'Little Hans had a great many friends, but the most devoted friend of all was big Hugh the Miller. Indeed so devoted was the rich Miller to little Hans, that he would never go by his garden without leaning over the wall and plucking a large nosegay, or a handful of sweet herbs, or filling his pockets with plums and cherries if it was the fruit season.

'"Real friends should have everything in common,"' the Miller used to say, and little Hans nodded and smiled, and felt, very proud of having a friend with such noble ideas.

'Sometimes indeed the neighbours thought it strange that the rich Miller never gave little Hans anything in return, though he had a hundred sacks of flour stored away in his mill, and six [2]milch cows, and a large flock of woolly sheep; but Hans never troubled his head about these things, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to listen to all the wonderful things the Miller used to say about the unselfishness of true friendship.

'So little Hans worked away in his garden. During the spring,the summer, and the autumn he was very happy, but when the winter came and he had no fruit or flowers to bring to the market, he suffered a good deal from cold and hunger, and often had to go to bed without any supper but a few dried pears or some hard nuts. He was extremely lonely in winter, as the Miller never came to see him.

"There is no good in my going to see little Hans as long as the snow lasts," the Miller used to say to his Wife, "for when people are in trouble they should be left alone and not be bothered by visitors. That at least is my idea about friendship, and I am sure I am right. So I shall wait till the spring comes, and then I shall pay him a visit, and he will be able to give me a large basket of [3]primroses, and that will make him so happy."

"You are certainly very thoughtful about others," answered the Wife, as she sat in her comfortable armchair by the big pinewood fire; "very thoughtful indeed. It is quite a treat to hear you talk about friendship. I am sure the clergyman himself could not say such beautiful things as you do, though he does live in a three-storeyed house, and wear a gold ring on his little finger."

'"But could we not ask little Hans up here ?'! said the Miller's youngest son. "If poor Hans is in trouble I will give him half my porridge, and show him my white rabbits."

'" What a silly boy you are !" cried the Miller. "I really don't know what is the use of sending you to school. You seem not to learn anything. Why, if little Hans came up here, and saw our warm fire, and our good supper, and our great cask of red wine, he might get envious, and envy is a most terrible thing, and would spoil anybody's nature. I certainly will not allow Hans' nature to be spoiled. I am his best friend, and I will always watch over him, and see that he is not led into any temptations. Besides, if Hans came here, he might ask me to let him have some flour on credit, and that I could not do. Flour is one thing, and friendship is another, and they should not be confused. Why, the words are spelt differently, and mean quite different things. Everybody can see that."

"How well you talk !" said the Miller's Wife, pouring herself out a large glass of warm ale; "really I feel quite drowsy. It is just like being in church."

'"Lots of people act well," answered the Miller, "but very few people talk well, which shows that talking is much the more difficult thing of the two, and much the finer thing also"; and he looked sternly across the table at his little son, who felt so ashamed of himself that he hung his head down, and grew quite scarlet and began to cry into his tea. However, he was so young that you must excuse him.'

'Is that the end of the story?' asked the Water-rat.

'Certainly not,' answered the Linnet, 'that is the beginning.'

'Then you are quite behind the age,' said the Water-rat.

'Every good storyteller nowadays starts with the end, and then goes on to the beginning, and concluded with the middle. That is the new method. I heard all about it the other day from a critic who was walking round the pond with a young man. He spoke of the matter at great length, and I am sure he must have been right for he had blue spectacles and a bald head, and whenever the young man made any remark, always answered "Pooh!" But pray go on with your story. I like the Miller immensely. I have all kinds of beautiful sentiments myself, so there is a great sympathy betwen us.'

'Well,' said the Linnet, hopping now on one leg and now on the other, 'as soon as the winter was over, and the primroses began to open their pale yellow stars, the Miller said to his wife that he would go down and see little Hans.

' " Why, what a good heart you have!" cried his Wife, "you are always thinking of others. And mind you take the big basket with you for the flowers."

'So the Miller tied the sails of the windmill together with a strong iron chain, and went down the hill with the basket on his arm,

"Good morning, little Hans," said the Miller.

"Good morning," said Hans, leaning on his spade, and smiling from ear to ear.

' " And how have you been all the winter ?" said the Miller.

' " Well, really," cried Hans, "it is very good of you to ask, very good indeed. I am afraid I had rather a hard time of it, but now the spring has come, and I am quite happy and all my flowers are doing well."

' "We often talked of you during the winter, Hans," said the Miller, "and wondered how you were getting on."

' "That was kind of you," said Hans, "I was half afraid you had forgotten me."

' "Hans, I am surprised at you," said the Miller, "friendship never forgets. That is the wonderful thing about it, but I am afraid you don't understand the poetry of life. How lovely your primroses are looking by-the-bye !"

"They are certainly very lovely," said Hans, "and it is a most lucky thing for me that I have so many. I am going to bring them into the market and sell them to the [4]Burgomaster's daughter, and buy back my wheel barrow with the money."

' "Buy back your wheelbarrow ? You don't mean to say you have sold it ? What a very stupid thing to do!"

' "Well, the fact is," said Hans, "that I was obliged to. You see the winter was a very bad time for me, and I really had no money at all to buy bread with. So I first sold the silver buttons off my Sunday coat, and then I sold my silver chain, and then I sold my big pipe, and at last I sold my wheelbarrow. But I am going to buy them all back again now"

' "Hans," said the Miller, "I will give you my wheelbarrow. It is not in very good repair: indeed, one side is gone, and there is something wrong with the wheel-spokes; but in spite of that I will give it to you. I know it is very generous of me, and a great many people would think me extremely foolish for parting with it. but I am not like the rest of the world. I think that generosity is the essence of friendship, and, besides, I have got a new wheel barrow for myself. Yes, you may set your mind at ease, I will give you my wheel–barrow."

' "Well, really, that is generous of you," said little Hans, and his funny round face glowed all over with pleasure. "I can easily put it in repair, as I have a plank of wood in the house."

"A plank of wood!" said the Miller; "why, that is just what I want for the roof of my barn. There is a very large hole in it, and the corn will all get damp if I don't stop it up. How lucky you mentioned it! It is quite remarkable how one good action always breeds another. I have given you my wheelbarrow, and now you are going to give me your plank. Of course, the wheelbarrow is worth far more than the plank, but true friendship never notices things like that. Pray get it at once, and I will set to work at my barn this very day."

' "Certainly" cried little Hans, and he ran into the shed and dragged the plank out.

' "It is not a very big plank," said the Miller, looking at it, "and I am afraid that after I have mended my barn-roof there won't be any left for you to mend the wheelbarrow with: but, of course, that is not my fault. And now, as I have given you my wheelbarrow. I am sure you would like to give me some flowers in return. Here is the basket, and mind you fill it quite full."

' "Quite full?" said little Hans, rather sorrowfully, for it was really a very big basket, and he knew that if he filled it he would have no flowers left for the market, and he was very anxious to get his silver buttons back.

' "Well, really," answered the Miller, "as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I don't think that it is much to ask you for a few flowers. I may be wrong, but I should have thought that friendship, true friendship, was quite free from selfishness of any kind."

' "My dear friend, my best friend," cried little Hans, "you are welcome to all the flowers in my garden. I would much sooner have your good opinion than my silver buttons, any day"; and he ran and plucked all his pretty primroses, and filled the Miller's basket.

' "Good-bye, little Hans," said the Miller, and he went up the hill with the plank on his shoulder, and the big basket in his hand.

' "Good-bye," said little Hans, and he began to dig away quite merrily, he was so pleased about the wheelbarrow.

'The next day he was nailing up some honeysuckle against the porch, when he heard the Miller's voice calling to him from the road. So he jumped off the ladder, and ran down the garden, and looked over the wall.

'There was the Miller with a large sack of flour on his back.

'"Dear little Hans, " said the Miller, "would you mind carrying this sack of flour for me to market ?"

' "Oh, I am so sorry," said Hans, "but I am really very busy today. I have got all my creepers to nail up, and all my flowers to water, and all my grass to roll."

' "Well, really," said the Miller, "I think, that considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow it is rather unfriendly of you to refuse."

' "Oh, don't say that," cried little Hans, "Iwouldn't be unfriendly for the whole world"; and he ran in for his cap, and trudged off with the big sack on his shoulders.

'It was a very hot day, and the road was terribly dusty, and before Hans had reached the sixth mile-stone he was so tired that he had to sit down and rest. However, he went on bravely, and at last he reached the market. After he had waited there for some time, he sold the sack of flour for a very good price, and then he returned home at once, for he was afraid that if he stopped too late he might meet some robbers on the way.

' "It has certainly been a hard day," said little Hans to himself as he was going to bed, "but I am glad I did not refuse the Miller, for he is my best friend and, besides, he is going to give me his wheelbarrow."

'Early the next morning the Miller came down to get the money for his sack of flour but little Hans was so tired that he was still in bed.

' "Upon my word," said the Miller, "you are very lazy. Really, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, I think you might work harder. Idleness is a great sin, and I certainly don't like any of my friends to be idle or sluggish. You must not mind my speaking quite plainly to you. Of course I should not dream of doing so if I were not your friend. But what is the good of friendship if one cannot say exactly what one means ? Anybody can say charming things and try to please and to flatter, but a true friend always says unpleasant things, and does not mind giving pain. Indeed, if he is a really true friend he prefers it, for he knows that then he is doing good."

' "I am very sorry," said little Hans, rubbing his eyes and pulling off his nightcap, "but I was so tired that I thought I would lie in bed for a little time, and listen to the birds singing. Do you know that I always work better after hearing the birds sing ?"

' "Well, I am glad of that," said the Miller, clapping little Hans on the back, "for I want you to come up to the mill as soon as you are dressed and mend my barn-roof for me."

'Poor little Hans was very anxious to go and work in his garden, for his flowers had not been watered for two days, but he did not like to refuse the Miller, as he was such a good friend to him.

' "Do you think it would be unfriendly of me if I said I was busy?" he inquired in a shy and timid voice.

' "Well, really," answered the Miller, "I do not think it is much to ask of you, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow: but, of course, if you refuse, I will go and do it myself."

' "Oh! on no account," cried little Hans; and he jumped out of bed, and dressed himself, and went up to the barn.

'He worked there all day long, till sunset, and at sunset the Miller came to see how he was getting on.

' "Have you mended the hole in the roof yet, little Hans ?" cried the Miller, in a cheery voice.

' "It is quite mended," answered little Hans, coming down the ladder.'

' "Ah!" said the Miller, "there is no work so delightful as the work one does for others."

' "It is certainly a great privilege to hear you talk," answered little Hans, sitting down and wiping his forehead, "a very great privilege. But I am afraid I shall never have such beautiful ideas as you have."

' "Oh! they will come to you," said the Miller, "but you must take more pains. At present you have only the practice of friendship; some day you will have the theory also".

' "Do you really think I shall ?" asked little Hans,'

' "I have no doubt of it," answered the Miller, "but now that you have mended the roof, you had better go home and rest, for I want you to drive my sheep to the mountain tomorrow."

Poor little Hans was afraid to say anything to this, and early next morning the Miller brought his sheep round to the cottage, and Hans started off with them to the mountain. It took him the whole day to get there and back; and when he returned he was so tired that he went off to sleep in his chair, and did not wake up till it was broad daylight.

' "What a delightful time I shall have in my garden!" he said, and he went to work at once.

'But somehow he was never able to look after his flowers at all, for his friend the Miller was always coming round and sending him off on long errands, or getting him to help at the mill. Little Hans was very much distressed at times, as he was afraid his flowers would think he had forgotten them, but he consoled himself by the reflection that the Miller was his best friend. "Besides," he used to say, "he is going to give me his wheelbarrow, and that is an act of pure generosity."

'So little Hans worked away for the Miller, and the Miller said all kinds of beautiful things about friendship, which Hans took down in a notebook, and used to read over at night, for he was a very good scholar.

'Now it happened that one evening little Hans was sitting by his fireside when a loud rap came at the door. It was a very wild night, and the wind was blowing and roaring round the house so terribly that at first he thought it was merely the storm. But a second rap came and then a third, louder than any of the others.

' "It is some poor traveller," said little Hans to himself, and he ran to the door.

'There stood the Miller with a lantern in one hand and a big stick in the other.

"Dear little Hans," cried the Miller, "I am in great trouble. My little boy has fallen off a ladder and hurt himself, and I am going for the Doctor. But he lived so far away, and it is such a bad night, that it has just occurred to me that it would be much better if you went instead of me. You know I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, and so it is only fair that you should do something for me in return."

' "Certainly," cried little Hans, "I take it quite as a compliment your coming to me, and I will start off at once. But you must lend me your lantern, as the night is so dark that I am afraid I might fall into the ditch."

' "I am very sorry," answered the Miller, "but it is my new lantern, and it would be a great loss to me if anything happened to it."

' "Well, never mind, I will do without it," cried little Hans, and he took down his great furcoat, and his warm scarlet cap, and tied a muffler round his throat, and started off.

'What a dreadful storm it was! The night was so black that little Hans could hardly see, and the wind was so strong that he could hardly stand. However, he was very courageous, and after he had been walking about three hours, he arrived at the Doctor's house and knocked at the door.

' "Who is there ? cried the Doctor, putting his head out of his bedroom window.

' "Little Hans, Doctor,"

' "What do you want, little Hans ?"

' "The Miller's son has fallen from a ladder, and has hurt himself, and the Miller wants you to come at once."

' "All right !" said the Doctor; and he ordered his horse, and his big boots, and his lantern, and came downstairs, and rode off in the direction of the Miller's house, little Hans trudging behind him.

'But the storm grew worse and worse, and the rain fell in torrents, and little Hans could not see where he was going, or keep up with the horse. At last he lost his way, and wandered off on the moor, which was a very dangerous place, as it was full of deep holes, and there poor little Hans was drowned. His body was found the next day by some goatherds, floating in a great pool of water, and was brought back by them to the cottage.

'Everybody went to little Hans' funeral, as he was so popular, and the Miller was the chief mourner.

' "As I was his best friend," said the Miller, "it is only fair that I should have the best place"; so he walked at the head of the procession in a long black cloak, and every now and then he wiped his eyes with a big pocket-handkerchief.

' "Little Hans is certainly a great loss to everyone," said the Blacksmith, when the funeral was over, and they were all seated comfortably in the inn, drinking spiced wine and eating sweet cakes.

' "A great loss to me at any rate," answered the Miller; "why, I had as good as given him my wheelbarrow, and now I really don't know waht to do with it. It is very much in my way at home, and it is in such bad repair that I could not get anything for it if I sold it I will certainly take care not to give away anything again. One certainly suffers for being generous." '

'Well ?' said the Water-rat, after a long pause.

'Well, that is the end' said the Linnet.

'But what became of the Miller ?' asked the Water-rat.

'Oh ! I really don't know,' replied the Linnet, 'and I am sure that I don't care.

'It is quite evident that you have no sympathy in your nature,' said the Water-rat.

'I am afraid you don't quite see the moral of the story,' remarked the Linnet.

'The what ?' screamed the Water-rat.

'The moral.'

'Do you mean to say that the story has a moral ?'

'Certainly,' said the Linnet.

'Well, really,' said the Water-rat, in a very angry manner. 'I think you should have told me that before you began. If you had done so, I certainly would not have listened to you; in fact, I should have said "Pooh!" like the critic. However, I can say it now.' So, he shouted out 'Pooh!' at the top of his voice,' gave a whisk with his tail, and went back into his hole.

'And how do you like the Water-rat ?' asked the Duck, who came paddling up some minutes afterwards. 'He has a great many good points, but for my own part I have a mother's feelings, and I can never look at a confirmed bachelor without the tears coming into my eyes.'

'I am rather afraid that I have annoyed him,' answered the Linnet.'The fact is that I told him a story with a moral.'

'Ah! that is always a very dangerous thing to do,' said the Duck. And I quite agree with her.

Notes:

1. *Sweet – William :* This is the first of a list of flowers which have long been grown in English cottage-gardens.
2. *milch cows :* milk–yielding cows.
3. *primrose:* a pretty flower with a bunch of pale yellow blossoms which grows wild and in gardens very early in the English spring.
4. *Burgomaster :* mayor. This word, like the name Hans, suggests a Germanic or Scandinavian setting, like that of so many popular fairy – tales.

Answer these questions :

1. Briefly explain why the story of Hans and the Miller was applicable to the Water-rat.
2. When do we first suspect that the Miller was not really a very good friend to Hans ?
3. How did the Miller justify his not asking Hans to share some of his good things during the winter ?
4. How did the Miller's wife reveal that she too was ready to exploit the generosity of Hans ?
5. How did the Miller persuade Hans to carry the large sack of flour to market ?
6. How did the Miller justify his rebuke to Hans for staying in bed a little later than usual after his tiring expedition to the market ?
7. Why was Hans unable to look after his garden ? What promise was the Miller constantly holding out before him ?
8. What was the supreme manifestation of the Miller's selfishness which caused Hans to lose his life ?
9. Comment briefly on the Miller's claim to have been Han's best friend.

10. What is the effect of the Miller's disclosure that the wheelbarrow was totally worthless ?

Composition:

A

Write a letter of between 150 and 200 words to a friend or relation dealing with *one* of the following topics:

1. A request for a favour of some kind.
2. Thanks for a favour received.

B

Write a letter of between 150 and 200 words to the editor of a paper on *one* of the following topics:

1. Road safety.
2. A plea for readers' support of some good cause.
3. A plea for the improvement of some public service.

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in not more than 120 words:

There are few subjects about which so much nonsense is talked as human speech. It is amazing that ignorance about the nature of speech is so general, for speech is, perhaps, the most striking ability of man and without speech the rise of human civilization would have been impossible. Yet even the well-educated person has rarely been given at any stage in his education any information about how he manages to produce the speech sounds through which he communicates with his fellow men, even though the elementary mechanics of speech may be taught to an intelligent person within a matter of hours.

We hear speech because the speaker sets up vibrations through the air to which our ear-drums respond. He sets up these vibrations by means of a number of organs in his body, not one of which, strangely enough, was designed by nature for the production of speech. Most languages rely entirely for the production of speech sounds on the outward flow of air from the lungs, organs which nature gave us to breathe with. When this outward flow of air is disturbed at any point between the lungs and the lips, a sound is produced, the *quality of which will depend upon the attitudes taken up by the different vocal organs at the time. The vocal organs, as we have said, have primary functions quite unconnected with speech. The vocal cords, which come into play when any vowel or voiced consonant is sounded, were provided by nature to stop food from 'going down the wrong way, to stop it from going down to the lungs instead of the stomach. The other organs which contribute to the making of speech sounds - the tongue, the velum (a flexible piece of tissue at the back of the roof of the mouth), the nose, the lips and the teeth - were all given to us for purposes of breathing and mastication.*

Now these organs, like all the other organs of the body - the heart, the liver, the kidneys - are remarkably uniform in construction from one person to another. Yet we hear such pieces of nonsense as the statement that a given speech sound can only be made by people of a certain race, because of some local peculiarity in their speech organs. This is as absurd as saying that a surgeon who has learned his anatomy on one race of human beings cannot safely operate on people of other races. The speech organs of underformed people are virtually the same from one race to another. This means that anybody who can overcome the speech habits of his mother-tongue is physically capable of making the speech sounds of any other language whatsoever.

This passage contains a mass of detail but it is easier to summarize than it may seem at first glance. Make certain in your precis that the author's main contentions stand out clearly. His main points are:

(a) The importance of speech and how the general ignorance of it can be dispelled by a little elementary information.

(b) The fact that the speech organs are parts of the body designed for the more basic physical functions.

(c) The uniformity of all organs of the body, including the speech organs, among all races.

(d) The fact that every physically normal person has the means of making any speech sound in any language.

FOR STUDY

GET

Native speakers of English are in the habit of making very great use of *get* in conversation. In writing of any claim to formality or accuracy *get* is used far less frequently. The constant repetition of *get* that often occurs in conversation would make a piece of writing seem rather flat and give the impression that the writer was too ignorant or idle to use a wide range of vocabulary.

Compare the following two sentences:

> *Having got his hat he left the house and got a bus, getting off it by the shop where he was going to get a pair of new shoes.*
>
> *Having fetched his hat he left the house and caught a bus, getting off it by the shop where he was going to buy a pair of new shoes.*

The second sentence, which used *get* only once, is pleasanter to read than the first sentence, which uses *get* four times.

The excessive use of *get*, particularly when other words will do better, is to be avoided, but quite often a phrase with *get* proves to be the neatest and most expressive way of getting a thing said.

Observe how *get* was employed in that last sentence. While there is little point in using *get* to replace *fetch, buy* and *obtain*, it is a very useful verb to express the idea of *getting something done.*

> *We must get this bedroom decorated before your friend comes to stay with us.*
>
> *He had to get the accounts finished before he had his leave.*
>
> *Our landlord very quickly got the roof repaired.*

GET ABOUT (AROUND)

1. Move around (rather colloquial).
   My grandfather does not get about very much now that he is so old.

2. (Of news or rumour) spread.
   The news was supposed to be confidential but it soon got around.

GET ACROSS

1. Cross in the face of some opposition or difficulty.
   We could get across the river only by wading through it.

2. Convey across. Organize the crossing of.
   The rescuers got a line across to the ship by firing a rocket.
   The general's problem was to get 20,000 troops swiftly across this deep river at a point where there was no bridge.

3. Make people understand or appreciate something (colloquial).
   He failed to get his ideas/jokes across.

GET AHEAD

Get to the front. Make good progress in one's career (colloquial).
He got ahead in the first lap and won the race very easily.
Rashid's brother has been promoted again. He is getting ahead very fast.

GET ALONG

1. Manage one's affairs. Progress (colloquial).
They haven't much money but they seem to get along fairly well.
How is your English getting along ?

2. Be friendly (colloquial).
These children get along together very well.

GET AT

Reach. Penetrate to.
Put that fish where the cat can't get at it.
We cannot get at the books because he's taken away the key of the cupboard.

GET AWAY

Leave or escape. Cause to leave or escape.
The prisoner–of–war got away from his guards by jumping out of the train.
The police got him away from the angry crowd by taking him out of the building by the back door.

GET BACK

1. Return (colloquial).
We got back home before it was dark.

2. Recover.
Don't lend him any of your books. You'll never get them back.

GET DOWN

1. Descend.
The boys got down from the tree when we shouted at them.

2. Bring down.
I asked him to get the books down from the high shelf.

GET IN

1. Enter, in spite of difficulties.
I don't understand how the thief got in.
When we stopped at the cantonment station, another passenger got in.
He quickly got in his car and drove away.

2. Collect. Gather. Bring indoors.
We must get these chairs in before it rains.
The farmers were busy getting the harvest in.

GET INTO

In may be used both as an adverb and as a preposition.
Into is used solely as a preposition.

I don't understand how the thief got into the house.
Another passenger got into the compartment.
He got into his car and drove away.
We must get these chairs into the house before it rains.
The farmer was getting the wheat into his barn.

GET OFF

1. Leave a conveyance.
They will get off the train at the next station.
He got off his bicycle and wheeled it through the gate.

Note that one gets *off* things that are ridden *on*. One *gets out* of things that are ridden *in*. We *get off* a bicycle but we *get off* or *get out* of a train. We always *get out off* the compartment of a train.

2. Remove oneself from, or a raised object from, a certain area of the ground or the floor.
Make that cat get off the chair.
The children were told to get off the grass.

3. Remove a thing of substance from something on which it lies or which it is attached.
I am trying to get the lid off this tin.
Don't get any paint on your clothes. You'd find it hard to get it off.

4. Despatch (colloquial).
Please don't interrupt me, I must get these letters off by the next post.

GET ON

1. Board a conveyance
There were many people waiting to get on the bus.
Note that one gets *into* a small closed conveyance like a car or a compartment of a train.

2. Go on to a raised object or a certain area of the ground or the floor.
He got on the weighing-machine.
The concert is going to begin in five minutes. Tell those boys to hurry up and get on the stage.

3. Manage to put something on.
That boy is growing so fast that he soon won't be able to get that coat on.

4. Succeed in life (colloquial).
He's very bright. I'm certain he'll get on.

5. Have a smooth or friendly personal relationship (colloquial).
He's not at all happy in his work because he doesn't get on with his boss.

6. Carry on with some work (colloquial).
Stop talking and get on with your sums.

GET OVER

1. Climb over. Go over (with some exertion or difficulty). Manage to have something transported over.
There was no gate but they got over the fence with little difficulty.
Not a single jumper managed to get over when the bar was raised to six feet.
They got their bundles over the wall by throwing them over when nobody was looking.

2. Recover from an illness or an unpleasant shock (colloquial).
It took him a long time to get over his attack of influenza.

I really can't get over his stupidity. (i.e. I still feel amazed when I think how stupid he was.)

GET THROUGH

1. Pass through with some exertion or difficulty. Penetrate.
The rain was getting through the roof in some places.
Since we had left our keys behind, one of us had to get through a window.

2. Make somebody or something pass through.
How are they going to get that large wardrobe through this door ?

3. Pass an examination or cause somebody to pass an examination (colloquial).
The boys are delighted because they've had their examination results and they've all got through.
He's a brilliant teacher and gets nearly all his pupils through the examination.

4. Assemble or collect into one place (colloquial).
He asked the boys to get together and choose a team.
We have got together quite a good collection of books on the history of this area.

GET UP

1. Get out of bed.
He woke up at six but he did not get up until seven.

2. Rise from a seat (colloquial).
All the boys got up when the headmaster entered the room.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. He was told to get his hair cut.
2. I must get my watch repaired.
3. I don't understand how this absurd rumour got about.
4. How will they get across the river if the ferry is not running ?
5. It was impossible to get the horses across the river at this point.

6. Our luggage was still in the customs shed and we could not get at it.
7. It seems impossible for anybody to get away from this prison.
8. Have you any hope of getting back the money you lent him ?
9. She asked the shop-keeper to get another roll of cloth down from the shelf.
10. He could not get his car into the garage because it was already half full of garden implements.
11. The bus broke down and all the passengers had to get off.
12. The car stopped and the driver got out.
13. We shall have to use a hammer to get the lid off this packing-case.
14. She helped the little boy to get his shoes on.
15. You must get on the train. The guard is blowing his whistle.
16. They had to get over a tree which had fallen across the path.
17. The scouts had to get their cart over a fallen tree.
18. It will take him a long time to get over the shock of his brother's death.
19. The car was too wide to get through the narrow gateway.
20. He always gets up as soon as he awakes.

READING – TEXT EIGHT

SPACE SHIP ONE

John Hampden

John Hampden (born 1898) was educated at Oxford, and has spent his life in teaching, administrative work and publishing. During the 1930's he was Chairman of the Village Drama Society. He is a well-known editor of literary texts and has been a frequent contributor to literary journals and B.B.C. programmes. His publications include *A Stevenson Companion* and *An Eighteenth Century Journal*.

This fantasy, SPACE SHIP ONE, was written in 1946, long before any space flights had been attempted.

The scene is the upper cabin of the first Space Ship, which is rapidly approaching the moon.

As we see it, the cabin has a semicircular roof and a flat rear wall. The whole interior is painted grey. The lighting is a fairly bright amber. The only window, in the centre of the rear wall. is a tall ellipse, through which we glimpse the surface of the moon–an encrusted disk suffused with a pale green light, in sharp contrast with the deep blue-blackness of space beyond. The rim of the moon makes an angle of about seventy degrees with the horizontal; it tilts slowly towards the horizontal as the play proceeds.

Left-centre (the audience's left) a broad [1]stanchion stretches from floor to ceiling, and at eye-level this has a projecting, hooded binocular, with various switches and levers beside it. This is the [2]periscope through which the ship can be conned. The binocular projects at an angle of about twenty degrees with the rear wall so that a man using it is almost facing right. There is a cross-bar which he can hold with one hand on each side of the periscope at about waist-level.

To the right of it and nearer the rear wall is the engineer's control-board, which incorporates a radar screen. We can see only the back of it, for it faces the rear. There is a row of switches along the top of it, and moving the full length of each side is a long, erect lever. The engineer sits facing us. He is well placed to take oral instructions from a navigator at the periscope. His left hand rarely leaves the left-hand lever, which he pulls towards him with small, fairly regular jerks as the ship moves towards the moon. The right hand lever he shifts beackward and forward with varying movements, and his hand leaves it occasionally to snap on or off one of the switches at the head of the board. Every movement of levers or switches causes a change of lighting on the control board, a flicker of red, blue, yellow, or white, which we cannot see, but which is just bright enough to be reflected plainly from the face and shoulders of the engineer.

On the rear wall, right of the window, is a television screen (out of action) and a loud-speaker with a red warning lamp-bulb above it (not yet lit) and a call-key to the right of it at shoulder–level. Beside this is a narrow door. Well down to the right is a bunk, without bed clothes, but made comfortable by a mattress and pillow of thick aerated rubber. The total effect has a suggestion of nightmare – a nightmare of mechanical efficiency.

When the curtain rises William Leigh is seated at the controls. He is a dark-haired man of thirty-five or so, concentrated, silent, a little saturnine. He is wearing a grey, high-necked, woollen sweater, grey flannel troushers, and black shoes. Harry Lovell, similarly dressed, is sound asleep on the bunk. He is a handsome, athletic, ingenuous young man of about twenty-five.

WILL : Harry ! _(He mutters to himself *'77-32,' '77-34,' and moves the right lever. A red light flickers across his face.) Harry ! (Harry stirs a little.)_ Harry, wake up !

(Harry rolls over sleepily and sits on the edge of the bunk, rubbing his eyes. He looks at his wristwatchie.)

HARRY : Nearly six *(yawning)*. Soon be breakfast – time.

WILL : 77-36.

HARRY : Would you like me to take over, Will ?

WILL : No, thanks. I'm quite fresh. But you asked me to call you by six.

HARRY : Yes, thanks, of course. Wanted to make sure of being awake when Katherine calls us. She said she would before we–*(started to his feet.)* ^{5}Great Scott ! Today we land on the moon ! *(He is wide awake now.)* Are we nearly there? Are we still doing twelve thousnd miles an hour ?

(He crosses to look over Will's shoulder at the control-board.)

WILL : *(a little wryly.)* Less than seventy. I've been using the bow–jets for the past four hours.

HARRY : *(laughing.)* Well, I suppose we shouldn't make a happy landing at twelve thousand. Where are we now ?

WILL : +31/27 on the grid. *(To himself, as he moves both levers)* 77–38.

HARRY : And where do we land ?

WILL : About 21/18. But the Professor will con her in. *(He stiffens.)*

HARRY : Hallo ! What's happening ? *(He peers a little anxiously at the board.)*

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* This should be spoken as ' Seventy–seven–thirty–two', etc.
+ This should be spoken as 'Three–one–stroke two–seven', etc.

WILL : We're just entering the [6]sigma belt. The Professor said it would put the radar out of action. Will you call him ? I can't fly her blind at this stage.

HARRY : He may be still asleep. Shall I con her ?

WILL : No, thanks. He asked to be called. Will you get him ?
(As Harry turns towards the door Professor Witney enters through it – a strongly built, intensely vital man of seventy or so dressed like the others. He is at the moment tortured with anxiety.)

WITNEY : Good – morning. What's amiss. Will ? *(His tone makes Will look at him sharply.)*

HARRY : Good – morning, sir. *(He crosses to his bunk and sits down.)*

WILL : Good – morning, Sir. The sigma belt. Radar out of action.

WITNEY : Right. *(He goes to the periscope and takes his stand with his hand son the cross-bar. For the first few moments he presses his forehead against the hood. His voice is tense.)* 77-38-40. 77-44-48-56. *(Pause.)* 77-52. Hold it.
(He remains at the periscope, looking into it at intervals.)

WILL : *(repeating the figures as they are given him and moving his levers for each.)* 77-38-40, 77-44-48-56, 77-52.

HARRY : *(yawning.)* What I want is a cold sluice. *(He goes out by the door.)*

WILL : *(Looking anxiously at Witney.)* Anything wrong, sir ?

WITNEY : Not with the ship, so far as I can see. How's she been behaving ?

WILL : Perfectly.

WITNEY : Altitude ?

WILL : 29.

WITNEY : Speed ?

WILL : 67. I switched on the second and fourth bow – jets at 1:45 a.m. and the first and third at 2. I've been steadily decelerating since.

WITNEY : Good. 77-54.

WILL : 77 – 54.

WITNEY : Propellants ?

WILL : *(looking at the board.)* 3 – 0 – 3 – 1 – 1 and 9 – 9 – 2.

WITNEY : Excellent. We can take her round the moon on the way home. *(The anxiety, which has eased from his voice, returns.)* Is there any news from home? *(He looks sharply at the loudspeaker.)*

WILL : No response for an hour. Neither 'phone nor television. I'll try them again. *(He taps sharply on a key.)* 1 – 2, 1 – 2, 1 – 2 Nothing, sir.

WITNEY : *(concentrating on the periscope again.)* 77 – 58.

WILL : 77 – 58. *(There is a short pause.)*

WITNEY : *(in a changed voice.)* Do you ever-dream. Will ?

WILL : Not often. But I've had a recurrent dream, ever since boyhood.

WITNEY : Have your dreams ever come true ?

WILL : Well, there was one queer thing - coincidence, I suppose.

WITNEY : I have never dreamed, since the War, until last night. And then – *(He shudders.)*

WILL : You slept badly, sir ?

WITNEY : Nightmares, nightmares. *(He is struggling against panic.)* Everything that I've feared – feared– every horror – *(He controls himself.)* When did you hear last from base ?

WILL : AT 4.45. Routine check from Jackson.

(Re-enter Harry, running a comb through his damp hair.)

WITNEY : And I couldn't get them on my set. Harry, try the television key.

(Harry crosses to it and raps out 1 – 2, 1 – 2, 1 – 2.
There is a strained silence. He repeats the call. Silence.)

HARRY : *looking at his watch and trying not to be infected by Witney's anxiety.)* Katherine said she'd be sure to call us before we landed, sir. *(Cheerfully.)* She Will.

WITNEY : *(with no conviction.)* Yes. *(Looking into the periscope.)* 77 – 60.

WILL : 77– 60.

(Harry crosses to sit on his bunk.)

HARRY : So we're to be the First Men in the Moon ! I can't quite believe even yet that I'm one of them. When do we land ?

WILL : In about ten minutes. At the foot of 'Tycho.

WITNEY : As near the root of the long ray as we can make it. 78 – 4.

WILL : *(moving his levers, while the light flickers once again across his face.)* 78 – 4.

HARRY : That's where you put the ship down last month, isn't it ?

WILL : Yes.

HARRY : *(enjoying his own wonderment.)* A round trip of over half a million miles with no one on board except three sheep, and they came back as happy as they went.

WITNEY : 78 – 12. It was a necessary test. But our own flight to Australia and back was more valuable in many respects.

WILL : 78 – 12 it is.

WITNEY : Will, please try your, phone.

(Will raps out the call once more. A pause, and he repeats it. Witney and Harry look anxiously at the television screen. Will makes a third call. Again there is a strained silence. They all move uneasily. Witney looks into the periscope.)

HARRY : *(trying to escape from the tension.)* This trip has seemed as easy as tootling across England in my little helicopter. Except that I never reach twenty – five thousand miles an hour. Phew !

WITNEY : *(with an effort to speak in his ordinary voice.)* The ship has behaved well.

HARRY : How soon do we get out after we've landed ?

WITNEY : When the casing has cooled. 78 – 24.

WILL : 78 – 24.

WITNEY : As soon as we land we'll have breakfast, and then get into our air and ballast suits again for a final practice. *(Amused but affectionate.)* That's the third time you've asked me that question, Harry.

HARRY : I'm – I'm sorry, sir. What with Katherine, and coming on this trip, I – I don't know where I am.

WITNEY : It's all right, my boy. Will, we must swing her on to the mark in a few moments.

WILL : Ready.

HARRY : If I hadn't had the infinite cheek to fall in love with your daughter, sir, I suppose I'd have had a very dim chance of coming.

WITNEY : *(intent on the periscope).* Her falling in love with you had something to do with it too. She knew how badly you wanted to come – and I've never been able to refuse Katherine anything. Not that she's ever asked anything unreasonable. You're a good mechanic and a hefty young fellow. And we needed - *(He holds up his hands for silence. A tense pause. All three grace themselves against the ship's change of direction.)* 79 – 46, 80 – 12, 81 – 24, 82 – 30, 86 – 32, 88 – 44, 88 – 52.

WILL : *(after moving his levers for each figure.)* 88 – 52 it is.

(The surface of the moon seen through the window tilts swiftly and oscillates slightly. It comes to rest with its horizon level across the window, and thereafter rises rapidly until it fills the whole view. Will remains intent on the control, but the movements of his levers are fewer and slighter hence forward.)

WILL : Dead on the mark, sir. I can take her now.

WITNEY : I'm going to call base on my 'phone. *(He goes out through the narrow door.)*

HARRY : *(in a changed voice.)* Will, what's the matter with him ?
Is anything going wrong ?

WILL : Not with the ship. She's perfect. I don't know. I've never seen him like this before. He ought to be exultant. This is the moment of his triumph, and he's worked twenty years for it.

HARRY : And how long have you ?

WILL : Eight years. But for me it's been the thrill and fascination of the job, and of working with him. He's not only a genius, you know, he's a great man. But he's had something driving him, something far more insistent than his passion for scientific discovery, though that's strong enough. I've felt it in him for years, but I never had any idea of what it was till lately. For the past twelve months he's been working desperately against time. *(He moves his levers.)*

HARRY : But Why ?

WILL: *(continuing his own train of thought.)* The moon's only a stepping-stone - this is only a practice run. It's Mars and Venus that he's reaching out to, and perhaps far beyond. He'll voyage through the solar universe till he finds what he is seeking. You've seen the new ship ?

Harry : She's prodigious.

WILL : When he brought his specifications to the shop we couldn't believe them. We thought he'd made some incredible mistake. But there she is, almost finished. She'll take ten people, a dozen animals, vast stores. Her cruising speed is a hundred thousand miles an hour, and her range of flight – ! Do you know how he spent the evening after this ship came home from her first voyage to the moon ?
HARRY : No, I was with Katherine.

WILL : Pacing round and through the new ship, to and fro, to and fro, for hours. And when he came away at last he chalked on the bow of her – Noah's Ark. *(Harry, sitting very still, draws a long, deep breath.)* He rubbed it out next morning.

HARRY : Then he thinks - He does not finish. *(Will meets his gaze steadily.)*

WILL : Yes, He'll never come back.

HARRY : Is he - mad ?

WILL : Only in the sense that all geniuses are mad.

HARRY : Do you mean he's not quite normal ?

WILL : I mean that he's not quite – average. *(A slight pause.)* Will you go with him ?

HARRY : *(shifting uneasily.)* I – I – will you ?

WILL : Yes. That has always – *(he breaks off to concentrate his attention on the cotrol-board. He snaps a switch and moves the right-hand lever a little. Light flickers once again over his face and chest.)* Well, I suppose we've always taken it for granted that I'm going.

HARRY : Will he ask me ?

WILL : Mrs. Witney and Katherine are going.

HARRY : So that is what she was going to tell me.

WILL : You know what they are to him, don't you ?

HARRY : Since I've had Katherine I've begun to realize. But – *(the door is* *thrown open, and Witney enters violently. His face is distorted. He is possessed with fear. Will, glancing at him, stiffens abruptly. Harry is rigid. Witney turns sharply to the television screen and raps out the call, 1 – 2, 1 – 2, 1 – 2. There is a dreadful silence. He repeats the call.)*

WITNEY : *(looking from Will to Harry, speaking in a high, strangled voice.)* No sign – and all night they've been crying out to me – Judith and Katherine – *(His voice breaks. He sags, and puts out a hand to Will's shoulder to keep himself from falling.)* We're too late, Will – too late.

WILL : *(looking up at him and speaking calmly.)* I need your help with the navigation, sir. *(Witney struggles for self control. He walks like an old man to the periscope and peers into it.)* 89-56.

WITNEY : *(speaking with great difficulty.)* 89-52.

WILL : *(moving the right-hand lever.)* 89-52. We don't land on that rill, do we, sir ? Would you like her between the rill and the long ray, or to the left of the rill ?

WITNEY : Between them. I - I suppose we must look at the ray.
(He is regaining his self-control as his fear gives way to despair. But he is an old man, chilled and defeated. The young men, infected by his fear, are struggling against it.)

HARRY : How long till we land, sir ?

WITNEY : *(hesitant.)* Five minutes, or less - 89-54.

WILL : 89 – 54.

HARRY : *(seeking to divert his mind.)* And how long till we land on Mars ?

WITNEY : (his voice even now, but dead.) If you had asked me that yesterday I should have said 129 days. But that was yesterday. Today – *(His voice chnages.)* Do you know what day it is Harry ?

HARRY : The first of May.

WITNEY : [8]May Day. When I was at Oxford they used to sing a hymn on Magdalen Tower, I remember how magical the green shadows were along the [9]Cherwell, and the nip in the air, and the water-vole that sat up to watch my punt go by. I've often wondered why he wasn't afraid. That was the morning I met Judith. *(He can smile now.)* She upset her conoe, and she couldn't swim. I fished her out of the Cher into my punt and gave her towels, and hot coffee out of a thermos, and took the canoe in tow. We couldn't find her paddle. I missed two lectures that morning. We got engaged next term.

HARRY : Was she as – was she like Katherine, sir ?

WITNEY : Very like her. They don't sing the May Day hymn now. That was stopped, years ago.

HARRY : Well, yes. I suppose all that sort of thing may have been useful once –

WITNEY : *(under his breath.)* Useful !

HARRY : Though I don't see how, but we had to keep our lead, didn't we, sir, and if the nation had gone on wasting time on the arts – !

WITNEY : Yes. That is part of the price we have paid.

HARRY : Well... We have kept our lead haven't we ? In everything that matters. Nuclear engineering, electronic brains, jets, biochemistry, synthetic foods, television, radar, rockets, ... This little gun that I've brought along in case we meet anything nasty on moon is about the finest thing – *(He stoops, intending to get the gun out from under his bunk.)*

WITNEY : *(turning on him in a burst of fury.)* God in heaven ! Are we to carry scientifically organized murder into the whole universe ? Is that the destiny of man ? *(He recovers himself slowly and turns back to the periscope.)*

WILL : *(again intervening judiciously.)* That small crater, sir, 21 – 19 on the grid: we'd better not land in it, had we ?

WITNEY : No, no. Make the landing-point 21/17. Check her to 89-48.

WILL : 89 – 48.

WITNEY : Close all shutters.

WILL : Yes, sir. *(he snaps a switch, and a black shutter slides down swiftly outside the window, covering it completely.)*

WITNEY : *(slowly to himself.)* The destiny of man. . *(To Harry)* Your generation knows nothing of war. But I remember, I can just remember the newspapers of 1938 and '39, and I've watched them for the last two years.

WILL : But surely there's no comparison !

HARRY : The International Air Police abolished war.

WITNEY : What has happened to the International Air Police ?

And to universal inspection ?

HARRY : But it's unthinkable !

WITNEY : War is always unthinkable.

HARRY : But who could want war ?

WITNEY : Who wanted the International Police abolished ?
Why did they – ?

(A crackle from the radio stops him. The red bulb lights up. Katherine's voice comes through the loudspeaker, a beautiful voice, cool, clear, but now tense with a horror so great that she cannot realize it fully.)

KATHERINE : Daddy! Harry! Are you all right ?

HARRY : Yes, Katherine, everything's splendid. We're just going to land.

WITNEY : Katherine, what's wrong ?

KATHERINE : Oh, I've been terrified I shouldn't get through to you before they get me. You mustn't come back to England. You must land in Canada or the States.

WITNEY : Katherine, what's wrong ?

KATHERINE : It's – it's the end of England, I think. I'm in the [10]crow's-nest. I slept up here last night in your camp-bed, so that I could talk to you this morning, before anyone came.
Mother – no one's come. I–I think I'm the only one – left alive.

HARRY : Kathy !

KATHERINE : When I woke up nothing was working up here. They power was cut off. And when I looked out of the windows the sun was shining – but *(her voice fails for a moment.)* the sky was full of great grey canisters, falling. They burst in the air and sprayed out a heavy, brown, oily fog. Horrible. All London's covered with it. As far as I can see there's only the fog. A few buildings rising through it, and the cross of St. Paul's shining gold. That's all that's left. London's – dead.

WITNEY : Katherine, where's your mother ?

KATHERINE : She was down there, Daddy. It – it must have been quick. Nothing could live under that. And then the canisters began dropping men in armour, with gas – masks like helmets and a sort of parachute I've never seen before. And guns.

WITNEY : You haven't got a gas – mask, have you ?

KATHERINE : No, and it wouldn't be any good. This building's full of them. I can hear them. They must have put the power on.

HARRY : Who are they ?

KATHERINE : I don't know. They'll find the ladder soon, and me.

HARRY : Kathy ! You must escape –

KATHERINE : How can I ? I must say good – bye to you. If only there were television up here, so that I could see you. Is Will there ?

WILL : I'm here.

KATHERINE : Good bye, Will, and good luck to you.

WILL : *(tonelessly.)* Good – bye, Katherine.

KATHERINE : Harry darling, good – bye. You have been sweet to me. We should have made something of life *(Her voice breaks.)* You must marry someone else – presently. *(Harry, who has been standing as though frozen, covers his eyes with his arms and reels across the bunk. He throws himself on his knees beside it, sobbing.)* Good – bye, darling.

HARRY : *(Struggling for utterance.)* Kathy, Kathy.

KATHERINE : Daddy, how's the ship ?

WITNEY : Perfect. We land in a few moments.

KATHERINE : I'm so proud of you. The first men in the moon. You'll go to Canada, won't you ? Your genius will be needed. The fight is only just beginning. I know how you hate war, but you'll have to be in this.

WITNEY : Yes, I shall have to be in this – if there is a Canada. This is the nuclear war. But they wanted London - intact.

KATHERINE : They've got London intact. This is what you feared, isn't it ?

WITNEY : Yes, for years now. And this time there's no margin for muddling through. Oh, Katherine !

KATHERINE : No, this is the last time. *(Her voice changing.)* I know now why I've never really been afraid of anything all my life. It's because of you. And we're still together, aren't we ?

WITNEY : *(steadily.)* Yes, closer than ever. Kathy, I know who the invaders are. You must kill yourself. *(Harry cries out.)*

KATHERINE : *(hysterically.)* No ! *(She sobs for a moment.)*

WITNEY : But, Katherine – think – they will know you are my daughter. If they take you alive –

KATHFRINE : *(controlling herself.)* Yes, yes – I must. How ?

WITNEY : Have you any water ?
(Katherine turns a tap. There is a momentary sound of running water.)

KATHERINE : Yes. It's on.

WITNEY : A tumbler half full of water. Among the test – tubes in the left-hand rack there are two corked tubes – a grey fluid in one, yellow in the other.

KATHERINE : Yes. They're half full.

WITNEY : That will be enough. Empty the yellow into the water first. Then the grey. And inhale. You'll feel nothing.

KATHERINE : Yes. *(Her voice shaking.)* That old cracked tumbler of yours, Daddy – *(in terror.)* They're on the ladder !

WITNEY : Be quick, good-bye, my love.

KATHERINE : *(brokenly.)* Good – bye.

(Harry lifts his head, trying to speak, and cannot. Witney and Will are rigid. There is the sound of the liquids being poured, a cry from katherine, the crash of a tumbler on a stone floor, the thud of a falling body, the violent opening of a door, and heavy, metallic footsteps.)

THE VOICE OF THE ENEMY : *(guttural, evil.)* Vaat ees dees ? O° are you ? Aanswer queek !

(There is a grating sound. Will thrusts both control levers forward with a sudden swift movement.)

WILL : *(in a toneless voice.)* We've landed.

Notes:

1. *stanchion :* upright bar or support.
2. *periscope:* a viewing device in which light is bent round corners by means of mirrors or prisms before it reaches the eyes of the viewer. A submarine uses a periscope when submerged for viewing objects above the surface, the viewing aperture projecting above the water.

3. *con :* give steering directions.

4 *radar screen:* the face of a cathode – ray tube forming part of a radar set. A radar set transmits brief but powerful pulses of radio waves and, through receiving the reflections of these pulses, indicates very exactly the position of objects on which the pulses fall.

5. *Great Scott :* Exclamation of surprise.

6. *sigma belt :* a fictitious scientific label for a zone round the moon.

7. *Tycho :* a Danish astronomer after whom a mountain on the moon is named.

8. *They used to sing a hymn on Magdalen Tower :* It is a long standing tradition for the chapel choir to sing hymns on the top of the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, early in the morning of May Day. This sentence makes it clear that the play is set in the future. It seems to be an unattractive future in which the arts and humanities have been ousted by the pursuit of science and technology.

9. *Cherwell :* tributary of the Thames which flows through Oxford. It is pronounced Charwell and can be shortened to Cher.

10. *crow's – nest :* look-out platform high up on the mast of a ship. Here it appears to be a room very high up above a building.

Answer these questions:

1. Why is the space ship travelling at only seventy miles an hour when Harry wakes up ?
2. When has the space ship been to the moon before and with what passengers ?
3. What is the relationship between Harry and Professor Witney?
4. What was the significance of Professor Witney's chalking Noah's Ark on the second space ship ?
5. What was the nature of the fear that afflicted Professor Witney during the night before the landing on the moon ?
6. What is Professor Witney's attitude to the new type of society in which scientific and technical progress is the one thing that seems to matter ?
7. How has England come to be defenceless ?

8. What disaster has befallen England during the night ?
9. How has Katherine survived the poison-gas attack ?
10. Why does her father instruct her to kill herself ?

Composition:

Write an essay of from 350 to 400 words on one of the following topics:

1. An appreciation of Space Ship One.
2. Has space travel any real value to the human race ?
3. The benefits offered by science.
4. The dangers to mankind created by science.

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in not more than 130 words:

Space travel is by far the most expensive type of exploration ever undertaken by man. The vast expenditure of money and human effort now being devoted to projects for putting man into space might well be applied to ends more practically useful and more conductive to human happiness. It is a strange world in which tens of millions of pounds are spent to give one man a ride round the earth at thousands of miles an hour while beneath him in his orbit live millions for whom life is a daily struggle to win a few coins to buy their daily bread. The money and effort that go into the development and construction of a single type a space-rocket would more than suffice to rid several countries of some such scourge as malaria or typhoid fever, to name only two of the diseases medical science has conquered but which still persist in the world, simply bacause not enough money and effort are devoted to their eradication Why should the richer countries of the world be pouring their resources into space when poverty and disease on earth are crying out for relief ? One could give a cynical answer to this question and assert that man's expensive adventures into space are merely the by-products of the struggle between two great powers for prestige and possible military advantage. There is some truth in this answer, but not the whole truth. Travel into space exemplifies the same spirit of courage and curiosity which has taken man to the poles and the top of Everest, and produced the scientific miracles of this age. Poverty and disease are, in fact, being relieved more rapidly than ever before thanks to the applications of science to production, transport and medicine. Space travel is *one of the more striking aspects of the progress of science and it is this same progress which gives us reasonable hope of banishing poverty, ingnorance and preventable disease from the earth. It is worth remembering that many of the practical advantges now enjoyed by the common man from the applications of science have been brought about by scientific research which seemed, when it was first attempted, as unrelated to practical benefits as the exploration of space may seem to us at present.*

At least half this passage throws doubt on the wisdom devoting so much money and human energy to space travel when poverty and disease still need to be relieved. However, the passage at its close expresses a very different point of view and regards space travel as a manifestation of the scientific spirit which has brought so many benefits to man. In putting both sides of the argument it is essential to bring out the strong justification for the exploration of space that the passage finally presents.

FOR STUDY

OUGHT : SHOULD: MUST

All these verbs have only one form apiece and are regularly followed by infinitives–*ought* by infinitives with *to*, *should* and *must* by infinitives without *to*. Since no change can be made in the form of *ought*, *should* or *must*, the form of the following infinitive is highly important. The correct use of these verbs depends very largely upon one's knowledge and command of the whole range of infinitive forms. The following examples demonstrate different types of infinitive in use with *should*. Note the absence of any distinction of form between present and future. The accompanying adverbial is all that indicates that something should be done in the future.

You should write an essay once a week.
You should be writing your essay.
You should write an essay next week.
You should have written an essay last week.
You should have been writing your essay.
Your essays should be written every week.
Your next essay should be written next week.
Your essay should have been written last week.

The clumsy continuous passive forms can be ignored. One is most unlikely to see in print such a sentence as *Your essays ought to be being written* or *Your essays ought to have been being written*. These constructions are occasionally to be heard in speech.

Both *should* and *ought* to express notions of duty, fitness, probability and desirability.

You ought to (should) be more punctual. (It's your duty to be more punctual).
Plates ought to be warmed if hot food is to be put on them. (It is the right thing to serve hot food on hot plates.)
It ought to be fine tomorrow. (I expect it to be fine tomorrow.)
His train should have reached Multan by now. (I expect his train has reached Multan by now. It is supposed to get there by this time.)
You ought to have visited Lahore during the Horse Show. (It would have been desirable for you to visit Lahore during the Horse Show. You would have enjoyed it.)
Must expresses compulsion, strong necessity or desire, and certainty.
Candidates must write their numbers clearly on the covers of the answer books.
I really must read the latest book that he has written.
Mr. Sadiq must be here. His car is outside.
The road is wet. It must have been raining.
That tree must have been planted over fifty years ago.

It should be noted that the use of *must* with perfect infinitives (i.e. to speak about the past) is normally restricted to the expression of certainty.

He must have written this letter yesterday.

The above sentence states that it is certain that he wrote the letter yesterday. We cannot use *must* if we wish to say that it was essential for him to write the letter yesterday. However, we can use *had to.*

He had to write this letter yesterday.
An extension to this building must be built.
An extension to this building had to be built.
I must go to Lahore next month.
I had to go to Lahore last month.

In literary English we occasionally find *must* used instead of *had to* (e.g. Although we were nearly dropping with fatigue, we must go on.) This is a highly displeasing usage for one is accustomed to meeting with perfect in finitives after defective verbs, such as *ought, should* or *must*, when there is reference to the past. Since *had to* is suitable, this use of *must* is a completely unnecessary offence against regularity.

OWING TO : DUE TO

In good English usage, there is still a clear distinction between these two phrases. Quite a large proportion of native speakers of English confuse them, but we should be ill-advised to imitate them, because such a sentence as *The train was late due to the fog* undoubtedly offends the ear of the average well-educated user of English.

The safest way of handling the two phrases is to regard *owing to* as a prepositional phrase with the meaning of *because of* and *due to* as a phrase made up of an adjective plus preposition and meaning *caused by*. We then shall not use *due to* unless there is a noun in the snetence to which *due* can be applied.

The train was late owing to the fog is a perfectly respectable sentence. *The accident was due to the fog* is also acceptable, because *due* has a noun, *accident*, to attach itself to.

> *Owing to his illness he rarely visited his friends.*
> *His illness was due to worry and overwork.*
> *The crops were poor owing to the lateness of the rains.*
> *The failure of the harvest was due to the lateness of the rains*

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. Parents should not do their children's homework.
2. You ought to visit us next spring when the weather will be delightful.
3. He ought to be working instead of reading the paper.
4. You should have returned this book to the library last week.
5. The workmen should have been painting the house but they were standing about doing nothing.
6. Your car ought to be repaired by the end of the week.
7. These books ought to have been taken back to the library.
8. It should be warmer in Karachi than it is here.
9. The pupils ought to have found this examination paper easy.
10. Ought we to take warm clothes with us if we go to Abbotabad next month ?
11. Must you leave so soon ?
12. He must come and see me tomorrow morning.
13. This room must be thoroughly cleaned by tomorrow morning.
14. He had to come and see me on the following morning.
15. The room had to be cleaned by the following morning.
16. You must be very tired after your long journey.
17. This house must have been built before my father was born.
18. These letters must have been put on my desk while I was out of the room.
19. The aeroplane was delayed owing to a fault in one of the engines.
20. The delay was due to a fault in one of the engines.

READING – TEXT NINE

AN ASTRONOMER'S VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE

Sir James Jeans

Sir James Hopwood Jeans (1877-1946) was both an eminent scientist and a writer with a remarkable gift for bringing his specialized knowledge within the reach of the common reader. Ivor Thomas once described him as 'a rich imagination working through a flexible pen'. Thanks to his gift for communicating scientific concepts to the non-scientist, a large public has gained an intelligent insight into the findings of modern astronomy and mathematical physics. His distinguished achievements in science brought him many honours–knighthood, Fellowship of the Royal Society (of which he was secretary for some years) and membership of the highly exclusive Order of Merit. The public knows him by such books as *The Universe Around Us* (1920). *The Mysterious Universe* (1930) and *Physics and Philosophy* (1942). The passage which follows - the opening of *The Mysterious Universe* – is a splendid demonstration of his power to communicate a scientist's vision of the universe with lucidity and vividness.

A few stars are known which are hardly bigger than the earth, but the majority are so large that hundreds of thousands of earths could be packed inside each and leave room to spare; here and there we come upon a giant star large enough to contain millions and millions of earths. And the total number of stars in the universe is probably something like the total number of grains of sand on all the seashores of the world. Such is the littleness of our home in space when measured up against the total substance of the universe.

This vast multitude of stars are wandering about in space. A few form groups which journey in company, but the majority are solitary travellers. And they travel through a universe so spacious that it is an event of almost unimaginable rarity for a star to come anywhere near to another star. For the most part each voyages in splendid isolation, like a ship on an empty ocean. In a scale model in which the stars are ships, the average ship will be well over a million miles from its nearest neighbour, whence it is easy to understand why a ship seldom finds another within hailing distance.

The sun and the other stars we see in the sky are all intensely hot – far too hot for life to be able to obtain or retain a footing on them. So also no doubt were the ejected fragments of the sun when they were first thrown off. Gradually they cooled, until now they have but little intrinsic heat left, their warmth being derived almost entirely from the radiation which the sun pours down upon them. In course of time, we know not how, when, or why, one of these cooling fragments gave birth to life. It started in simple organisms whose vital capacities consisted of little beyond reproduction and death. But from these humble beginnings emerged a stream of life which, advancing through ever greater and greater complexity, has culminated in beings whose lives are largely centred in their emotions and ambitions, their aesthetic appreciations, and the religions in which their highest hopes and noblest aspirations lie enshrined.

Although we cannot speak with any certainty, it seems most likely that humanity came into existence in some such way as this. Standing on our microscopic fragment of a grain of sand we attempt to discover the nature and purpose of the universe which surrounds our home in space and time. Our first impression is something akin to terror. We find the universe terrifying because of its vast meaningless distances 'terrifying because of its inconceivably long vistas of time which dwarf human history to the twinkling of an eye, terrifying because of our extreme loneliness, and because of the material insignificance of our home in space - a millionth part of a grain of sand out of all the sea–sand in the world. But above all else, we find the universe terrifying because it appears to be indifferent to life like our own; emotion, ambition and achievement, art and religion all seen equally foreign to its plan. Perhaps indeed we ought to say it appears to be actively hostile to life like our own. For the most part, empty space is so cold that all life in it would be frozen; most of the matter in space is so hot as to make life on it impossible; space is traversed, and astronomical bodies continually bombarded, by radiation of a variety of kinds, much of which is probably inimical to, or even destructive of, life.

Into such a universe we have stumbled, if not exactly by mistake, at least as the result of what may properly be described as an accident. The use of such a word need not imply any surprise that our earth exists, for accidents will happen, and if the universe goes on for long-enough, every conseivable accident is likely to happen in time. It was, I think, Huxley, who said that six monkeys, set to 'strum unintelligently on typewriters for millions of millions of years, would be bound in time to write all the books in the British Museum. If we examined the last page which a particular monkey had typed, and found that it had chanced in its blind strumming, to type a Shakespeare sonnet, we should rightly regard the occurrence as a remarkable accident, but if we looked through all the millions of pages the monkeys had turned off in untold millions of years, we might be sure of finding a Shakespeare sonnet somewhere amongst them, the product of the blind play of chance. In the same way, millions and millions of stars wandering blindly through space for millions and millions of years are bound to meet with every kind of accident; a limited number are bound to meet with that special kind of accident which calls planetary systems into being. Yet calculation shows that the number of these can at most be very small in comparison with the total number of stars in the sky; planetary systems must be exceedingly rare objects in space.

The rarity of planetary systems is important, because so far as we can see, life of the kind we know on earth could only originate on planets like the earth. It needs suitable physical conditions for its appearance, the most important of which is a temperature at which substances can exist in the liquid state.

The stars themselves are disqualified by being far too hot. We may think of them as a vast collection of fires scattered throughout space, providing warmth in a climate which is at most some four degrees above [2]absolute zero - about 484 degrees of frost on our Fahrenheit scale – and is even lower in the vast stretches of space which lie beyond the Milky Way. Away from the fires there is this unimaginable cold of hundreds of degrees of frost; close up to them is a temperature of thousands of degrees, at which all solids melt, all liquids boil.

Life can only exist inside a narrow temperate zone which surrounds each of these fires at a very definite distance. Outside these zones life would be frozen; inside, it would be shrivelled up. At a rough computation, these zones within which life is possible, all added together, consititute less than a thousand million millionth part of the whole of space. And even inside them, life must be of very rare occurrence, for it is so unusual an accident for suns to throw off planets as our own sun has done, that probably only about one star in 100,000 has a planet revolving round it in the small zone in which life is possible.

Just for this reason it seems incredible that the universe can have been designed primarily to produce life like our own; had it been so, surely we might have expected to find a better proportion between the magnitude of the mechanism and the amount of the product. At first glance at least, life seems to be an utterly unimportant by–product; we living things are somehow off the main line.

We do not know whether suitable physical conditions are sufficient in themselves to produce life. One school of thought holds that as the earth gradually cooled, it was natural, and indeed almost inevitable, that life should come. Another holds that after one accident had brought the earth into being, a second was necessary to produce life. The material constituents of a living body are perfectly ordinary chemical atoms – carbon, such as we find in soot or lampbalck; hydrogen and oxygen, such as we find in water; nitrogen, such as forms the greater part of the atmosphere; and so on. Every kind of atom necessary for life must have existed in the new – born earth. At intervals, a group of atoms might happen to arrange themselves in the way in which they are arranged in the living cell. Indeed, given sufficient time, they would be certain to do so, just as certain as the six monkeys would be certain, given sufficient time, to type off a Shakespeare sonnet. But would they then be a [3]living cell ? Is it merely atoms, or is it atoms plus life ? Or, to put it in another way, could a sufficiently skilful chemist create life out of the necessary atoms, as a boy can create a machine out of 'Meccano', and then make it go ? We do not know the answer. When it comes it will give us some indication whether other worlds in space are inhabited like ours, and so must have the greatest influence on our interpretation of the meaning of life – it may well produce a greater revolution of thought than [4]Galileo's astronomy or [5]Darwin's biology.

Notes:

1. *Strum:* play an instrument carelessly and thoughtlessly. Here it means to tap the keys of a typewriter at random.

2. *absolute zero :* 273 degrees Centigrade. Water freezes at 0° Centigrade, but ice is not without heat in comparison with much colder substances such as liquid air. Heat is produced by molecular agitation. When this agitation ceases, substances are as cold as they can get. There is this complete absence of heat at a temperature of – 273° Centigrade, 273 degrees below the freezing point of water.

3. *living cell :* All living matter is built up of extremely small units of life known as cells.

4. *Galileo :* (1564 – 1642), an Italian, was the greatest of all pioneers of astronomy. His observations of the heavenly bodies through a new instrument, the telescope, transformed man's view of the universe. The Church persecuted Galileo but failed in its attempts to suppress the knowledge he had gained.

5. *Darwin :* (1809 – 1882), the great English naturalist and author of *The Origin of Species*, a work which led to a revolution in beliefs concerning the development of the different forms of life.

Answer these questions:

1. Why is it improbable that one particular star will ever come close to another ?

2. What is Jeans's explanation of how the planets came to be formed from the sun ?

3. How does a planet, such as the earth, derive its warmth ?

4. What does Jeans imagine the first forms of life on earth to have been like ?

5. Why are our first impressions of an astronomer's picture of the universe likely to make us feel that humanity is insignificant ?

6. How does Jeans justify his assertion that 'the universe appears to be actively hostile to life like our own'?
7. Why does a planetary system seem to be the only kind of environment on which life could originate ?
8. What is the temperature of most of space ?
9. Why does it seem incredible to Jeans that the universe was designed primarily to produce life like our own ?
10. Why is the origin of life still a riddle to the scientist ?

Composition:

A

Write a letter to a friend or relative of between 150 and 200 words, dealing with *one* of the following topics:

1. A suggestion for an excursion to some place of historical interest or scenic beauty.
2. An account of a visit to the home of a close acquaintance of you both.
3. An account of an unexpected meeting with an old acquaintance of you both.

B

Write a letter of *one* of the following kinds in between 150 and 200 words:

1. An inquiry to the head of an organization whether there is likely to be a post in the organization for a person with your qualifications, which should be briefly stated.
2. An inquiry to a friend of your father's, whom you have never met about the qualifications needed to enter his profession and the prospects it offers.

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in not more than 75 words:

A few stars are known which are hardly bigger than the earth, but the majority are so large that hundreds of thousands of earths could be packed inside each and leave room to spare; here and there we come upon a giant star *large enough to contain millions and millions of earths. And the total number of stars in the universe is probably something like the total number of grains of sand on all the seashores of the world. Such is the littleness of our home in space when measured up against the total substance of the universe.*

This vast multitude of stars are wandering about in space. A few form groups which journey in company, but the majority are solitary travellers. And they travel through a universe so spacious that it is an event of almost unimaginable rarity for a star to come anywhere near to another star. For the most part each voyages in splendid isolation, like a ship on an empty ocean. In a scale model in which the stars are ships the average ship will be well over a million miles from its nearest neighbour, whence it is easy to understand why a ship seldom finds another within hailing distance.

Write your summary in one paragraph. The essential points to bring out are the great size of stars compared with the earth, the immense number of stars that exist their great isolation from each other and the great rarity with which one star comes close to another.

FOR STUDY

REJECT: REFUSE: DECLINE: DENY

Both *reject* and *refuse* may show unwillingness or inability to accept.

He rejected my offer of assistance.

He refused my offer of assistance.

Reject, however, may *not* be used to signify unwillingness or inability to give or provide. In the following two sentences *reject* could *not* replace *refuse.*

His father has *refused his consent.*

Her parents are far too indulgent. They refuse her nothing.

The hospital refused permission for any more visitors to see him.

Reject, in its turn, has a meaning not shared by *refuse,* that of casting something aside which is unsuitable or below a required standard.

The chocolate factory rejects any milk which contains the slightest impurities.

This machine automatically rejects any components which are not exactly of the right size and weight.

The most striking difference, however, lies in the inability of *reject* to take an infinitive.

Reject cannot replace *refuse* in the following examples.

He refused to accept our assistance.

I must refuse to lend him any more money.

He had refused to see any visitors but he made an exception for his old friend.

Decline has a milder flavour than *refuse* and tends to replace it when a polite refusal is given.

I regret that I must decline your kind invitation.

He courteously declined our offer of assistance.

He was so tired that he had to decline to see any more visitors.

Decline also has the meaning of going down, or losing strength, size or importance.

The declining sun was casting long shadows.

The trade of this commodity has been declining for several years.

His strength was declining and the doctors held out little hope of his recovery.

Deny is used to contradict, to say that something is not so.

He denied the newspaper reports that he was about to retire.

Government officials totally deny the truth of this rumour.

It is impossible to deny that man's guilt because he was caught red-handed (actually committing the crime).

Deny moves closer in meaning to *refuse* when it expresses the idea of withholding of refusal to give.

They denied him the use of his own house until he threatened them with legal proceedings.

No man should be denied the protection of the law.

SURPRISE: ASTONISH: SHOCK: GRIEVE

Astonish is stronger in meaning than *surprise*, and *shock* is stronger still. One can be *astonished* and *surprised* by both pleasant and unpleasant things. One is *shocked* by unpleasant things and *shock* often suggests that the surprise is both sudden and unpleasant.

I was not at all surprised to hear that he had failed.

He is such a good student that his failure astonishes me.

The author was astonished to receive such a large cheque for his short story.

We were all shocked to hear of your uncle's sudden death.

Unlike *astonish* and *shock*, *surprise* may have the meaning of catching somebody in the act of doing something, usually something dishonest or unlawful.

> *We surprised him in the act of stealing a sheet of stamps from the drawer.*
>
> *The thief was surprised in the act of picking the lock of the safe.*

Grieve contains no element of surprise or shock.

> *Things which grieve people afflict them with grief (sorrow).*
>
> *I am shocked and grieved to learn that he has been so dishonest.*
>
> *He was deeply grieved by the doctor's announcement that his brother's illness was incurable.*

Grieve may be used intransitively to mean *be sorrowful or mourn.*

> *After all these years she is still grieving for the loss of her dear husband.*

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi:

1. He has applied for several jobs but all his applications have been rejected.
2. I refused his offer of a loan.
3. The headmaster refused the boys permmission to be absent from the lesson.
4. The shop-keeper has rejected this bale of cloth beacuse there is a flaw in it.
5. I refused to accept an invitation at such short notice.
6. I am very sorry that I had to decline your invitation.
7. They declined to talk to the reporters.
8. The population of the town is steadily declining.
9. The witness denied the truth of the defendant's statement.
10. He firmly denied that he had been driving too fast.
11. They cannot deny me the right to take the amount of leave promised in my contract.
12. Were you surprised when you heard that you had been given a scholarship ?
13. I surprised and delighted him by saying that he was certain to win the first prize.
14. We were unpleasantly surprised when we found that our new car used so much petrol.
15. It astonished me to discover that he had been a great friend of my father's.
16. It shocked me to learn that he had ben caught cheating in the

examination.

17. One of the invigilators surprised him in the act of consulting some notes surreptitiously.
18. We were shocked by the sight of a terrible accident that had just occurred.
19. His many friends were all grieved by his misfortunes.
20. She is grieving bitterly for the loss of her child.

READING – TEXT TEN

LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE

J.A.V. Butler

John Alfred Valentine Butler. F.R.S., D.Sc, was born in 1899. He studied at Birmingham University and later held a Rockefeller fellowship at the University of Princeton in the U.S.A. He was Professor of physical Chemistry at the University of London Institute of Cancer Research. His publications include *Science and Human Life, Man is a Microcosm* and *Inside the Living Cell.* The essay shows a shift in scientific belief since Jeans wrote *The Mystenous Universe* in 1930. Butler refers to Jeans and points out that to the modern scientist life in the universe appears less accidental – and possibly far more widespread–than it did to Jeans and his contemporaries.

What is life ? A little scum of no importance on the surface of an unimportant globe circling round a second-rate star ? An accidental 'conglomeration of atoms which have come together by an odd chance, the result of an exceedingly improbable happening ? That is what some astronomers would have us think. Looking out into the depth of space, they have discovered a universe of unthinkable dimensions. A billion suns in our own galaxy, beyond it perhaps a billion galaxies, only revealed to us as tiny smudges on a photographic plate. No wonder they are impressed by the enormous disparity between the scaffolding and the result. Life seemed to be, as Jeans said, 'an utterly unimportant by-product' in 'a universe which was clearly not designed for life, and which, to all appearances, is either totally indifferent or definitely hostile to it'. It seemed 'incredible that the universe can have been designed primarily to produce life like our own; had it been so, surely we might have expected to find a better proportion between the magnitude of the mechanism and the amount of the product'.

It is also used to be thought that the conditions under which life could possibly arise in the universe were not likely to occur frequently among the stars. Life as we know it, requires water, light, a moderate temperature neither too hot nor too cold, and a variety of chemical elements. It is not at all certain that these conditions are to be found, in our own solar system, except on the earth. Planetary systems, probably the result of a near encounter of two stars, were believed until recently to be of comparatively rare occurrence. This view was based on calculations of the chance of stellar encounters. The stars are separated by enormous distances, and though they are in motion, the chance of a close approach of two stars is comparatively small. When such an encounter takes place, enormous tides in the liquid or gaseous surfaces of the stars are set up, which may result in large masses of material being pulled away from them and, condensing, giving rise to planets.

These calculations have had to be revised in some respects. According to the recent theories of Hoyle and Lyttleton, the planets originated in the break-up of a companion of the sun in a tremendous explosion. Explosive stars, called *supernovae,* are not at all infrequent and it has been estimated from such occurrences that at least a million planetary systems may have been produced in our own galaxy.

If this is so, it is not unlikely that in many of them there will be planets in which the essential requirements of life are present. All we know about the material universe suggest its great uniformity. We know from the light they emit that the stars contain many of the elements we have on the earth. There is nothing whatever to indicate that our present world is unique, or even exceptional. Should we not expect that conditions which have produced life on the earth will operate wherever similar conditions exist ? There is no reason why we should not be willing to think that life may exist in great profusion in other worlds. If this is so, we must not expect that evolution has followed similar paths everywhere, or has gone on at the same speed. There may be a world in which life has not yet produced thinking and reasoning creatures like ourselves; there may be others in which organized rational societies have existed for many millions of years. Life may also have developed other and perhaps fantastic forms. Some worlds may be completely covered by the oceans, and have developed fishy societies. In worlds which are much greater than the earth, the greater intensity of gravitation will have forced living things to solve quite different structural problems. A man's limbs would not be strong enough to support his weight on a larger planet, where the force of gravitation is considerably higher.

Since we have no prospect whatever of exploring these other worlds, these are idle speculations at the present time. All we can find out about life, we must discover from what we see in our own world. We must turn away from the [2]macrocosm to look at the [3]microcosm, which exists everywhere around us and within us. At the same time as telescopes were being constructed to look into space, microscopes in the hands of [4]Robert Hooke and [5]A. van Leeuwenhoek began to reveal the complexity of living things. . .

• The world was found to be teeming with microscopic life whereever there was water and warmth. A drop of water taken from a pond was seen to contain creatures of many kinds all engaged in complex modes of living. The larger organisms were found to be not unitary, but societies of cells, each possessing its own life to a limited extent, co-operating in a common purpose.

Not withstanding all this diversity of size and form, it has been suspected for a very long time that all kinds of life had an underlying similarity.

About 500 B.C. the Greek philosopher, Empedocles, is reported to have said that hair and leaves and the thick feathers of birds and the scales that form their limbs are all the same thing, a fairly accurate statement of what modern chemistry has found. Detailed study has in fact disclosed an extraordinary similarity in the underlying chemical constitution of all living things. Whether they are microscopic organisms, tiny blobs of jelly, or large animals, they are, as we shall see, all made of very much the same substances.

In earlier times, when every substance was believed to have its own qualities, there was no difficulty in believing that some substances were endowed with life, others not. Wood was wood, and water was water; and though transformations did occur, as in the disappearance of wood in the fire, they were not surprising in a world where the most miraculous changes were taking place under everyone's every day. There was nothing but 'doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange'. A seed put into the ground became in a short time a plant with leaves and flowers: the white and yolk of an egg turned into the flesh and bones and feathers of a chicken, which , no sooner was the shell cracked, jumped out and started running about.

Chemistry emerged as a science when it was understood that all substances are combinations of the same primary elements, which are to all intents and purposes indestructible (except under such violent actions as occur in the atomic bomb). Wood turns out to be a combination of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and when it is burnt the carbon is turned to carbon dioxide and the hydrogen to water, and one can make an accurate balance sheet accounting for everything originally present in the wood. The first stage of scientific chemistry, which was begun by Lavoisier with the correct account of combustion, was guided by the atomic theory of Dalton, which served to explain the facts of chemical combination in simple compounds. It was concerned with the elementary composition of substances. This was understood when it was expressed in an atomic formula. $NaCl$ stood for the combination of one atom of sodium (Na) with one of chlorine (Cl), forming sodium chloride or common salt. Water was H_2O the combination of two atoms of hydrogen (H) and one of oxygen (O). These formulae were based on the facts of chemical combination, but they have stood the test of time and the more powerful physical methods which later become available, and undoubtedly represent the real structure of the molecules, i.e. the smallest natural unit of these substances. The great profusion of substances, which come from living things, like alcohol, oils, fats, sugars, waxes, resins, rubber, cellulose, starch, were originally called organic compounds and thought to be entirely different from the inorganic. Although they were compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, etc., chemists thought they were an entirely different calss of compounds from those which they had managed to prepare. But the distinction broke down when a German chemist, Wohler, prepared urea, which had previously been regarded as a typical product of life.

For a long time chemists could not see how so many different compounds could be formed from the same elements. The secret of their mode of combination was not discovered at first, but eventually it was found that the carbon atom can combine with itself, as well as with other elements, to form an enormous variety of chain and ring structures.

This discovery opened up the road to the synthesis of a large number of organic compounds, many of them the products of life, others types which have not been found in Nature.

The success of organic chemistry in making these compounds – natural and artificial colouring matters, drugs, solvents, essential oils, etc. - has given rise to an exaggerated idea of its capabilities. It is true that some types of compounds such as the more complex carbo-hydrates like cellulose, and also proteins, still resist the efforts of chemists. But perhaps it will only be a matter of time before all those compounds can be made. Will it then be possible to create a living system by putting together all the compounds which make up a living organism ? Shall we be able to create life in a test-tube ?

I do not think there is any scientific knowledge which leads to a certain answer to this question; we can only explore what has been found out about the chemical basis of life, and my readers can judge for themselves how far chemists have progressed on the long path of its reconstruction.

We will inquire, then, just what is involved in reconstructing living things, starting with the simplest we can find. It might be thought that this is a technical question of no great human importance. If this achievement is in any case very remote, does it matter very much what progress has been made or how distant is the goal ? You are willing to agree that the achievements of chemists are impressive and that living things are also very complex. No doubt scientists will continue to make discoveries, and some day they may manage to make a microscopic spot of jelly which, they will tell us, is alive. Does it really matter very much ? Are not the real problems of mankind elsewhere, in politics, in personal relations, in artistic endeavour, in finding out how the human population of the earth can agree to share it and to make the most of it, or in avoiding a world-wide famine ?

A little reflection will convince most people that what we think and do are greatly influenced by our conceptions or misconceptions of the nature of life. The cosmology of Galileo did more than displace the earth from its pre-eminent position in the centre of the universe. It entirely changed the world picture of Western man and his estimate of himself as the lord of creation, 'the master work, the end of all yet done,' made to rule.

Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,

Beast of the field, and over all the earth
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.

He became an insignificant inhabitant of an unimportant planet. Newton extended the rule of law from the earth to the planets, which moved no longer of their own caprice but in orbits determined by the laws of gravity. Man was not only less significant in the universe than a grain of sand on the sea-shore: he was also the result of the operation of the laws of chance, operating under the sole criterion that only that which is efficient can survive.

This was the picture most scientists had towards the end of the nineteenth century, and though many of them were aware of its limitations and were willing to exercise the suspense of judgement which a consciousness of their great ignorance required, it became in a debased form the popular picture of life and man. The prevalent view of man is in fact very low. He is a mere unit of man-power, a cog in a machine. Even scientists are referred to today, in Government reports, as so much scientific man-power. Much of the conflict of the present-day world is due to this belittling of man. No doubt industrial civilization which made men the servants of machines, and was contemptuous of the aspirations of ordinary men to live a good and satisfying life, is partly responsible; but it could only arise in a society where a low view of the value of human beings was taken for granted.

Because they had learnt a little about living things, uninformed people jumped to the conclusion that what was still to be learnt was unimportant. Because they were impressed by machines, they assumed that human beings were like them, only a little more complicated. The mechanical concept of life runs through innumerable books and newspaper articles and has done much to produce and foster this low opinion of human ability. A calculating machine is called a mechanical 'brain'. It is true that these machines are wonderful pieces of mechanism and ingenuity, but the operations they perform are really rather limited. Then main value is to carry out quickly certain repetitive operations which human beings find tedious and time-consuming. To call them 'brains' is a gross libel on real brains, the fantastic operations of which, as we shall see, are quite beyond our understanding even in comparatively unintelligent animals.

The idea of a 'mechanical man' is another sign of the times. [6]'Rossum's Universal Robots' have had plenty of successors, which have spilled over from literature into the films and comic strips. The popular magazines of 'science fiction' are full of them. The girl in the mass-production factory takes them for granted; but it is not surprising that she should think that an automaton could put a [7]squiggle on the chocolates nearly as well as she can, and if an automaton could do that she might easily imagine there was little difference between it and her.

The ultimate horrors in this direction are the grotesque representations of the human body, which are supposed to be educational and have been seen in exhibitions – a crude human shape, with a few lamps that go on and off and perhaps a coloured liquid circulating through some pipes; the ability to perform a few simple movements and perhaps respond to one or two words of command. This is supposed to represent what science has learnt about man and what it can do to re-create him. It is significant that in a mechanical age people should be willing to accept such a crude model as something even vaguely human.

Scientists themselves are turning away from the cruder mechanical ideas. Their exploration of living things has revealed an extraordinary complexity. Whatever life is, we shall see that it is certainly not a simple phenomenon and cannot be described in simple terms. Scientists of many kinds, biologists who study intact organisms and their mode of life, physiologists who study the mechanism of life and the various organs, biochemists who study the constituents of living things, physicists who bring their powerful instruments to the study of living matter; all find that their work reveals an ever-increasing complexity, the bottom of which has not been reached. The fact of this complexity, alone, means a revolution in our assessment of life and its significance, which must have great implications when it is more widely known and understood. Nineteenth-century science, being concerned with the elemental forces, sought and found simplicity in the universe, a simplicity which [8]Eddington brought to its ultimate conclusion in his view that all the physical quantities such as the size of the universe, the number of particles in it, and the mass of the electron could be derived from a few inter-relations between the ultimate physical constants they make. The main emphasis of science is now changing from the study of the elementary forces and simple particles to the complexities of living textures. This may bring about a revolution of man's estimate of himself. For although the austere and noble studies astronomers, mathematicians, and physicists, which have revealed the foundation stones and dimensions of the universe, have enriched mankind by their demonstration of the power and sweep of the human intellect, they also left them a little naked, exposed, and insignificant in the chilly vaults of space. The balance may be redressed by the complementary studies of living structures, which, by revealing a world as rich in texture as the other is vast, may make men feel again that they are not out of keeping with the splendour of their setting.

Notes :

1. *conglomeration* : a set of objects gathered together.
2. *macrocosm* : the world of large things; the universe.
3. *microcosm* : the world of small things (e.g.molecular and atomic structures, cells, bacteria and viruses).

4. *Robert Hooke :* (1635-1703), English experimental physicist.

5. *A. van Leeuwenhoek :* (1632-1723), Dutch naturalist.

6. *Rossum's Universal Robots :* The artificially made manlike creatures of Capek's play, R.U.R.

7. *squiggle :* wriggly line.

8. *Eddington :* (1882-1944), English astronomer and physicist, author of *The Nature of the Physical World.*

Answer these questions :

1. What new theory concerning the origin of the planets is presented by Professor Butler ?
2. What, in brief, are his views on the probability of life existing in worlds other than our own ?
3. What had to be understood for chemistry to become a science?
4. Who was responsible for the atomic theory of chemistry ?
5. What was the original distinction between 'organic' and 'inorganic' substances ? Does this distinction still hold good in modern science?
6. How does Butler justify his belief in the importance of scientific research into the nature of living cells ?
7. How, according to Butler, was science responsible for fostering a popular belief that man is insignificant ?
8. Why does Butler think that calculating machines ought not be called 'mechanical brains'?
9. Why did the scientist of the nineteenth century tend to find simplicity in the universe ?
10. Why, according to Butler, is modern science likely to restore man's faith in his own importance in the universe ?

Composition :

Write an essay of from 350 to 400 words on *one* of the following topics:

1. The differences between the views of Jeans and Butler on the place of life in the universe.
2. A layman's attitudes towards science.
3. The role of science in education.

PRECIS

Summarize the following passage in not more than 85 words :

Because they had learnt a little about living things, uninformed people jumped to the conclusion that what was still to be learnt was unimportant. Because they were impressed by machines, they assumed that human beings were like them, only a little more complicated. The mechanical concept of life runs through innumerable books and newspaper articles and has done much to produce and foster this low opinion of human ability. A calculating machine is called a mechanical 'brain'. It is true that these machines are wonderful pieces of mechanism and ingenuity, but the operations they perform are really rather limited. Their main value is to carry out quickly certain repetitive operations which human beings find tedious and time-consuming. To call them 'brains' is a gross libel on real brains, the fantastic operations of which, as we shall see, are quite beyond our understanding even in comparatively unintelligent animals.

The idea of a 'machanical man' is another sign of the times. 'Rossum's Universal Robots' have had plenty of successors, which have spilled over from literature into the films and comic strips. The popular magazines of 'science fiction' are full of them. The girl in the mass-production factory takes them for granted; but it is not surprising that she should think that an automaton could put a squiggle on the chocolates nearly as well as she can, and if an automaton could do that she might easily imagine there was little difference between it and her.

Write your precis in one paragraph.

The real gist of the first paragraph is contained in the first two sentences. Both points are important – the popular assumptions that there is little still to be learnt about living things and that, because machines are impressive, human beings are like them. The wrongful application of 'brain' to a calculating machine is merely an illustration of his second point and can be adequately dealt within a few words.

The second paragraph reinforces the second point still further. Merely bring out the point that the capacity of machines to do certain repetitive jobs done by people, causes people to imagine that machines are more like humans than they really are.

FOR STUDY

PUT : SET

When these words are used to indicate placing, *set* suggests greater care over the placing or arranging.

He put his bag on the table by the door.
She carefully set a vase of flowers on the table.

Set, unlike *put*, may be used with the idea of fixing or establishing something.

I shall set the alarm clock to wake me at six.
Parents ought to set their children an example of good manners.
The jeweller is going to set this diamond in a gold ring.
The leading runner set a very fast pace.
The wooden posts were set in concrete.

Put regularly combines with a large number of words. The usages in the following examples should be known:

He is putting (setting) aside some of his income for his children's education.
We must put these books back in the library.
You have to put your watch an hour back when you fly from Dhaka to Karachi.
The child was playing with an expensive piece of glassware so I told him to put it down.
The revolt was very quickly put down (suppressed).
He put forward an argument which altogether convinced me.
I am afraid that I cannot get away this week and must put off my visit until next week.
The firemen took several hours to put out the fire.
The scouts put up their tents near a stream.
The librarian has put up a notice asking for all books to be returned by the end of the week.
I find it difficult to put this idea into words.
The reporters put several questions to the distinguished visitor.
The arrival of some other guests put an end to our conversation.
The appearance of the headmaster put a stop to the noise.
His cordial welcome put us all at our ease.
I was put to shame when my young nephew beat me at a game of chess.
A Roman citizen had the right to put any of his slaves to death.
The doctor gave the patient an injection which put him to sleep.
We really must apologize for putting you to so much trouble.
I shall put my watch right when I hear the time signal.

The following usages of *set* need to be known:

We should set to work (start working at the task) *without delay.*
I don't know how to set about this task.
The prisoners were set to work for six hours a day.
The geography master set an easy question paper.
The spark set fire to the carpet.
The spark set the carpet on fire.
The spark set the carpet alight.
We shall set out as soon as it is light.
When the enemy surrendered, they set their prisoners free.
The dog was set loose when all the visitors had gone.

TRANSLATION

Translate the following sentences into Urdu or Sindhi

1. Remember to set the alarm clock before you go to bed.
2. She set her brothers a good example by starting to do her homework as soon as she arrived home.
3. Please put your suitcase down. I shall get a porter to carry it.
4. If the rebellion had not been put down immediately, it would have gathered strength.
5. The professor is ill and his lecture mush be put off until another day.
6. Please put out the lights when you leave this room.
7. The man produced a revolver and said, 'Put your hands up.
8. I suspect that the shop-keepers put up their prices when they realize that I am a foreigner.
9. At the end of the lecture the members of the audience put several questions to the lecturer.
10. The police arrived and soon put an end to the fight.
11. His friendly manner put the visitor at his ease.
12. The energy of the old man put all the younger people to shame.
13. You should not have put yourself to so much trouble.
14. She was rocking the baby in order to put him to sleep.
15. Did you have to set out early this morning ?
16. Le us set to work at once.
17. The teacher set the boy's to work and then began to mark some essays.
18. He is so ignorant of mechanical matters that he did not know how to set about changing the wheel when his car had a flat tyre.
19. The little boy was playing with some matches and set the mosquito net on fire.
20. The prisoner was set free after five years in gaol.

PASSAGES FOR PRECIS AND TRANSLATION

I

1. Summarize the following passage in from 85 to 95 words.
2. Translate the first paragraph into Urdu or Sindhi.

There is a striking and unhappy contrast between man's brilliant success at solving scientific problems and his miserable failure to solve so many of his political and social problems. It is natural, indeed wise, to ask whether science cannot be applied more effectively to the care of the social and political ills of the world. There is, of course, much that science can do and is doing. Science adds enormously to the comfort and interest of modern living. It is doing much to diminish the social evils of poverty and disease. Beyond doubt, many social, political, and economic problems would be more wisely handled if they were treated with the unprejudiced objectivity and strict regard for truth which characterize the work of the physical scientist.

However, it must be recognized that science has its limitations. Its methods apply to those things which can be observed, measured, and treated mathematically. It has nothing to do with values - save those of truth and accuracy. It has nothing to do with happiness, goodness, beauty, courage, adventure, justice, altruism, friendship, love of family, love of country. Yet all these values re-enter a man's conception of what is the good personal life within a good society. It is possible for honest and intelligent men to differ profoundly on the nature of those values and their respective degrees of importance. Hence the contrast between the modern world's command of material things and its tragic failure to organize a harmonious world society.

II

1. Summarize the following passage in from 105 to 115 words.
2. Translate the second paragraph into Urdu or Sindhi.

The value of visual media is particularly great in countries such as Pakistan where the rate of literacy is low, the population dispersed in small rural communities and where it is essential to social and economic progress that the knowledge of science and technology be disseminated widely and applied effectively to production. The possible uses of films in many areas are so many and so varied as to call for some elaboration.

First, films have a fundamental contribution to make to the improve-

ment of education itself. It is possible here to indicate only a few of the ways in which this useful invention can serve to widen the experience of students and vitalize instruction. In science, for example, it is possible to present through films rare microscopic viruses and bacilli; to reproduce entire life cycles within a matter of minutes; to plump the ocean depths and explore celestial galaxies; and to demonstrate graphically and dramatically complex chemical reactions or explain difficult physical theories. In the social sciences it is possible for the student to observe at first hand the geographic, economic and social conditions in other nations and also to see dramatic re-enactments of history. Moreover, through films every student can hear lectures by the most eminent scholars in the world. So great and varied are the possibilities of films that they are no longer considered auxiliaries of education but rather instructional techniques.

Secondly, this visual medium can contribute directly to the economic development programme in agriculture and industry. It is not difficult to visualize the persuasive impact of the demonstration of an improved agricultural practice, present dramatically in simple terms on an actual farm in Pakistan. Through films the effect of the use of fertilizer and insecticides on production or of improved methods of planting or harvesting, can be shown to farmers in every section of the country. Similarly, workers in factories and mills can be taught industrial processes or learn the operation of an industrial machine quickly and effectively through films.

III

1. Summarize the following passage in from 110 to 120 words.
2. Translate the third paragraph into Urdu or Sindhi.

Many people find it hard to understand why water logging and salinity have become extremely grave problems for Pakistan within recent years. Why are the two problems related and why have they developed within a matter of years ?

The first thing to realize is that beneath our feet, even in the driest parts of the world, there are usually underground reservoirs of water. We discover this when we successfully sink a well for water. As the shaft of the well is sunk it first passes through dry soil or rock. Then it reaches a depth at which water flows into it. It has reached a level at which the subterranean soil or rock is saturated with water. This level is known as the 'water table.' Now if more water flows into the underground reservoir than the amount which escapes from it through springs and wells the level of the water table is bound to rise. This explains the development of water logging. When the water table rises to the very surface of the land, the land becomes water logged.

When irrigation systems of Pakistan were constructed many years *ago, few people had the remote problems of water logging in their minds. They were faced with large tracts of arid soil which would yield rich crops if water were brought to them. It was difficult to imagine that an abundance of water could ever constitute a problem in these dry areas. A great victory over the environment had been won when canals brought water which would make the desert green. But the water did not merely irrigate the fields, A great deal seeped underground and slowly, over the years, made the water table rise. When it reached the surface, the land became water logged, and water logged not with fresh water but with water containing a great deal of salt from the subterranean layers of soil and rock. The water itself was mostly lost from the surface by evaporation but the salt remained behind. When this process had gone on for some time, the accumulation of salt was so great as to make the growth of crops impossible.*

IV

1. Summarize the following passage in from 100 to 110 words.
2. Translate the first paragraph into Urdu or Sindhi.

Pakistan is a relatively new state destined to play, we believe, an important role in this complex world. Though it is politically young, its people have an historic past and fine cultural and educational traditions. Its known natural resources are few and are not fully exploited; its potential resources have yet to be explored. In business, administration, industry, and agriculture our techniques are ineffective and outmoded. Our attitudes are largely inherited from a social system no longer appropriate to an independent and progressive nation. The inevitable consequences are low productivity and a low standard of living. Those in turn breed apathy, inefficiency, and an obstinate traditionalism. The only way to break out of this vicious circle is through releasing and directing the skills, vigour, and enthusiasm of our people and thus laying the foundations for an adequate supply of trained personnel and outstanding leaders.

The excellence of a country's public administration, the degree of advancement of its agriculture, industry, and commerce, its progress in science and technology, its contribution to the arts of civilization and culture are all measures of the quality of the leaders it produces. We look to our institutions of higher education for the production of leaders and in this we cannot be satisfied with less than the most exacting standrds of achievement. The country which is prepared to invest in the skills and abilities of its most gifted citizens will reap rich rewards in national development and international prestige.

No country has ever been able to make rapid progress without a well-developed system of higher education. Our greatest national asset lies in the *potential skills of our people and our economic and social progress depends on how we develop them. This implies that all who can prove their capacity to profit from higher education must have it, however, poor or humble. We must seek out talent, encourage it, and provide it with the opportunity to flourish.*

V

1. Summarize the following passage in from 120 to 130 words.
2. Translate the first paragraph into Urdu or Sindhi.

I have said that cheap and abundant power is a prerequisite of the development of producer goods and metallurgical and chemical industries. In a developing economy, supply of power must precede demand. In fact, so long as an oil lamp burns in the homes and hamlets of Pakistan, the demand for power exists. In many poor homes even the oil lamp is a luxury.

Millions of our people pass their nights in total darkness and content themselves with the flickering flame of firewood used for cooking their night meal as a source of light. Imagine the dismal psychological impact on the minds of the people who see nothing but darkness for half their span of life.

Science has made electricity as the greatest servant of man and our engineers can and must do research on transmission of power to the rural areas cheaply. If our resources of conventional fuels are as inadequte as they are, we must harness the energy of the atom to generate electricity. In the struggle for survival, every means placed at our disposal by the discoveries of modern science and technology must be adopted by us to cut short the road to prosperity. We have to co-exist with the bullock-carts and jet aeroplanes at the same time if we are not to be left behind once again in the race for survival. We missed the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century because of our bondage. We cannot afford to miss the scientific revolution of the twentieth century when we are independent and sovereign.

Both in the agricultural as well as the industrial sectors, we could produce more without doing any original research if only we had an efficient extension service which could pass on the benefits of scientific work already done and published. Here we have the paradox of science which all underdeveloped countries face today. We know, for instance that we can double our production of crops if we use fertilizers and can preserve the fruits that otherwise perish. We know that plastics can be produced from natural gas and that waste products of one industry can be utilized as raw material for others. Why then is it not possible to achieve the results ? The answer again goes back to non-availability of scientists and technologists.

VI

1. Summarize the following passage in from 100 to 110 words.
2. Translate the second paragraph into Urdu or Sindhi.

Only a small proportion of the young people who study science, anywhere in the world, have any really clear idea of what science means. In fact, the teaching of science in schools tends actually to obscure the meaning of science. When pupils at school work for a pass in a science subject in a school-leaving examination, they regard it as their main business– and so do most of their teachers – to learn a large number of facts and a far smaller number of principles and theories, together with certain skills, often mathematical, in applying these facts, principles and theories.

Now all this is good in its way. A scientist in the grown-up world must have a certain number of facts, principles and theories at his finger-tips. He must also know how to calculate from them. But science would stand still- indeed it would cease to be science - if scientists merely worked from fixed sets of facts and theories. The essence of science is the gathering of new facts and the establishment of new theories when new facts fail, as they often do, to match existing theories. Science has advanced in a spectacular fashion in recent history because scientists have been greedy for new knowledge, and because they have been so ready to disbelieve the text-books of their youth.

It is, therefore, most important to give our young students of science an awareness of the scepticism and open-mindedness that is part of the very soul of science. Of course it would be absurd to ask them to do serious research or formulate theories, but the science course should at least teach them what an immense part is played by research in real science and mention some of the tremendous revolutions in theory which have marked the great advances of science. Let them not think that any branch of science is a subject that one can sit down and learn. Let them realize that science is essentially a creative activity.

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